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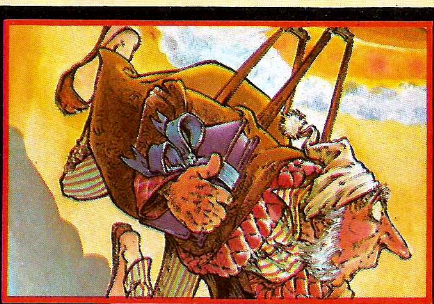

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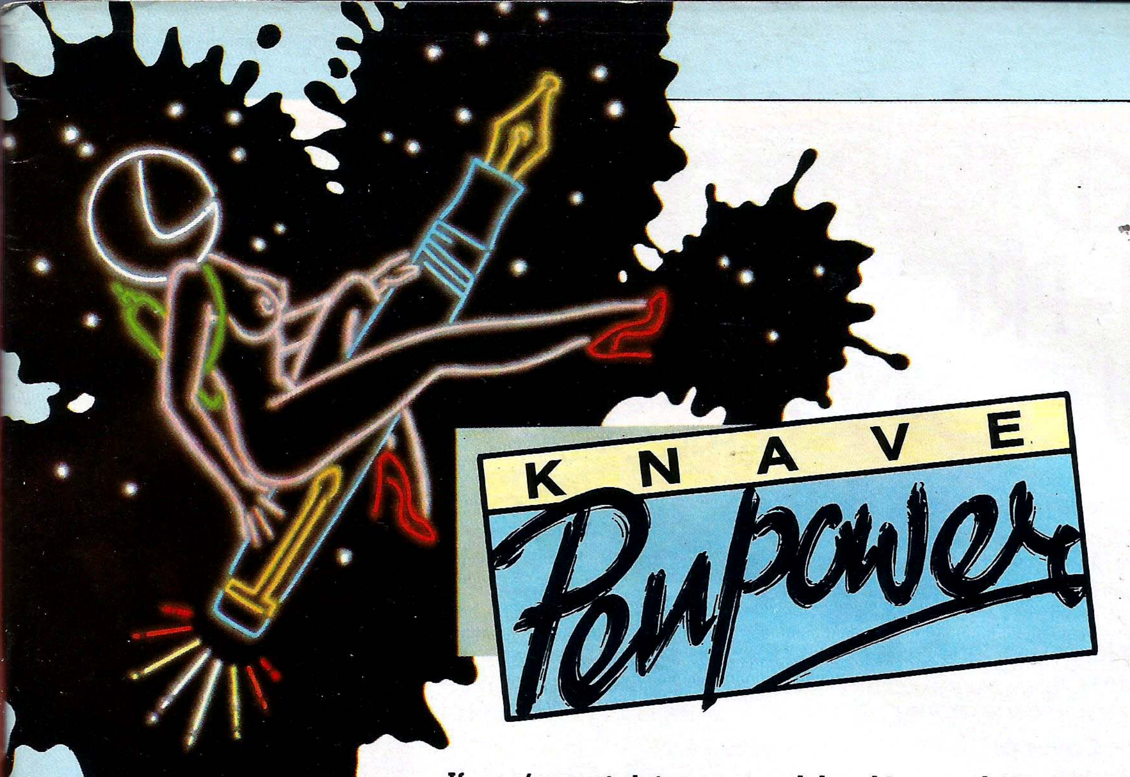

KNAVE Penpower

If you've got into any neck-breaking or hair-raising positions lately in the pursuit of a good sex-life, received any deep throats or hard shafts with milkmen, next-door neighbours, total strangers or the person you've shared a bed with for twenty years, send them in all haste to: Penpower, Knave, Hermit Place, 252 Belsize Road, London NW6 4BT. All submissions treated in strictest confidence.

Knowing Your Onions
Your Amateur Model spot comes up trumps month after month. I must congratulate the editor on his taste, he always seems to pick the best girls around. The Spanish lady in Vol. 15 No. 8 was great. I really go for the old dark-haired Latin types — of which she is a superbly fuckable example. I might point out to your readers that although their ladies are a bit harder to impress and court, once they get going they can fuck the spots off any of your boring old Scandinavian blondies. They know what being a woman is all about. I'd give my right arm to be fucking her even just once — especially in that picture where she's bending over the chair. Magic! — *Don, Cheshire.*

Romany Raunch
I had to write and thank you for revealing the gorgeous Zena in Vol. 15 No. 6. I like most of the girls in your mag, but that gypsy gear really got me horny. I don't know if she is a real Romany, but I don't really care, the idea was enough to get me spurting off in under a minute. I'm not a foot fetishist particularly, but I really dug those beads round her ankle, it added an extra thrill.

I know you probably get loads of letters like this, but please let's see some more of her, even if it's only one picture in the letters pages. — *Brian, Cambridge.*

Hot And Spicy
I've always fancied making love to an Indian woman, but the trouble is, even though I live in a town with a large Asian population, their culture makes it difficult for them to mix with English men. Actual sex would be way out of the question — and even if one managed it there would always be the fear of a troupe of brothers following with scimitars bent on avenging their sister's honour.

So I was really chuffed — and a bit surprised — to see you got the gorgeous Shivani to show off her tits and pussy. I really had to wank myself dry over her — but I only wish I could be thrashing about on top of her for real. It would be the greatest sexual experience of my life. She's hotter than a bloody Vindaloo! — *Nigel, Leicester.*

Not Nobbing But Throbbing
I have a fucking superlative bruise on my head because of you lot at Knave. Why? Because my wife caught me wanking in the bathroom over your Amateur Model in Vol. 15 No. 6. Normally I would have locked the door, but I was so excited by the sight of this juicy Josie that all I could think of was shooting my load.

Alright, I know I can't really blame you, but you could at least compensate me a little for this throbbing pain by getting Josie in your mag again. Hopefully my head will be better by then and it'll be only my knob that's throbbing. And I promise this time I'll be more careful with the lock on the bathroom door! — *Chris, London.*

I hope your headache has cleared, Chris, and I trust you enjoyed Josie's set in Vol. 15 No. 8. — Ed.

East End Up
Orgasmic! That's the only way I can describe that paragon of oriental sexuality, Mai Lin, in Vol. 15 No. 4.

I travel around the Far East quite frequently on business and you can be sure that I'm a faithful regular at the whore-houses, especially in Seoul's I-Tai-Won district and Hong Kong's Wan Chai. To put it mildly I'm a great fanatic for oriental women.

When I saw lovely Mai Lin's voluptuous curves in your magazine I really freaked out. What a cunt! What tits! Of all the many Chinese, Korean and Japanese women I've seen in the altogether she is the tops. What I wouldn't give to be able to stick my cock up her cunt!

How about having another session with her — or if she's not available, some other oriental sex siren? It seems your mag is the only one around that appreciates the need to exhibit the East's more sensual exports. So give us more, more, more . . . — *J.K., Bucks.*

Curvaceous Consuela tuning up and baring all.

Film Buff
I would like to tell you how a visit to the local Job Centre turned me into a home made blue movie star. My husband had been out of work for some time, so, to make ends meet, I tried to find a part time job. Looking at the vacancies, I saw one for a model at an art class in a town about twelve miles away from home. What really turned me on was that it was nude work, and as it was a fair distance away I was sure nobody would recognise me.

The job was to pose for three hours, on two afternoons a week. I took it, and soon realised that I was really turned on, sitting naked in front of about twenty guys who were all staring at me.

After one session the organiser, Jim, asked if I'd like to earn some extra cash. It seemed that he and five of the other artists were keen on photography, and wanted me to pose for them. I quickly accepted, having always fantasised about being a nude model, and we arranged to meet the following evening.

After a few drinks to get rid of my nerves, Jim started setting up his photographic equipment, and, to my surprise, it included a video camera. I had expected to be posing for still shots only, but after a bit of persuasion I started to sexily strip as the camera rolled and the shutters clicked. I was too engrossed in myself to notice that the others were taking their clothes off.

With only my stockings, shoes and suspenders left on, I started to finger myself and lay on the floor with my legs wide apart to give the best view. Suddenly, I looked up, and all I could see was a cock about six inches from my face. I greedily pulled it down into my mouth and sucked for all I was worth, at the same time being mounted by one of the others.

It was heaven to be filled at both ends like this. Suddenly, the first guy pulled out of my mouth and shot his load all over my face and tits, and the other guy exploded inside me. These two were quickly replaced by another two, this time with one of them taking me 'doggy style,' whilst I sucked and licked the other for all I was worth. I greedily sucked away until every last drop was lapped up as he exploded into the back of my throat.

Soon the last two were ready for me, this time taking me as I lay over a dining room table, with one sitting on my tits with his weapon firmly planted down my throat, and the other shafting me to a magnificent climax.

After all the action, I slipped upstairs for a shower, whilst Jim rewound the tape and played it back. On my return, I felt slightly embarrassed, but still randy as hell, as I watched myself on the screen. Jim has promised to make me a copy of the tape — which I'll have to keep carefully hidden. I can't imagine what my husband would say if he watched it. — *Debbie, Cleveland.*

Switched On

I must tell you about a truly wonderful time I had the other week. I am twenty two years old and had not had much experience of the opposite sex apart from a brief encounter at a holiday camp when I was twenty.

I am an electrician, and was asked to fit a dimmer switch in the lounge in the house of a friend of my father's. I arrived one Saturday afternoon at 1 o'clock and rang the bell. The door was answered by the wife of the household. She is forty six, with dyed blond hair — and not a bad figure for a woman of her age. She smiled and said her husband was out with the kids at the Zoo.

I took my tools in and fitted the dimmer switch. She then asked if I wanted anything to drink. I said that I wouldn't mind a cup of tea. "Don't be shy," she said, "have a real drink." I accepted a scotch and we were chatting, when, without warning, she came out with, "Do you masturbate?"

I stuttered: "Often." She then told me that her husband had been impotent for a couple of years, and that her only companion for all this time had been her vibrator. She was so frank, it was unbelievable. She then went upstairs, and after a few minutes called to me to come upstairs and join her. I found her lying on the bed, wanking away with her huge vibrator, which must have been all of ten inches long.

I stripped off completely and proceeded to kiss her full on the lips. She then put the beast down and began to wank my stiff cock. I was unbelievably close to coming and I told her as much. Without prompting, she took my throbbing weapon in her mouth and I spurted hot come down her throat. She then told, me to lick her pussy in return, which I did and she began to quiver violently.

After she had come we lay there for a while, both completely spent. Then she went downstairs, returning with a bottle of wine. Pouring me a glass, she dipped my cock into it and expertly licked the wine off. I was as stiff as a board as she straddled me, moaning, "Fuck me slow and good." I reached up and squeezed the large brown nipples of her 36″ breasts.

We went on like this for ten minutes, when I came. Sobbing with lust, she had an earth shattering climax on top of me.

Afterwards, we had a shower and I said goodbye — but since then we have had sex on many occasions, and she has worn a whole variety of gear, including stockings, crotchless knickers, basques and suspenders, and we have had sex in every room of her house — even in the garden shed. But for this woman I'm sure I'd still be shy with girls. Instead, my lover has given me self confidence in pulling the birds, so I must remain Yours in Praise of Older Women. — *L.E., Islington.*

Lust In Law

There must be many other men who view with trepidation the prospect of meeting their girlfriend's mother for the first time — I know I did. If this is the case, my most recent experience of this might give them something to look forward to.

My girlfriend, Hazel, is a gorgeous redhead and after I'd been going out with her for about six weeks she took me back to her house for the first time one Saturday. Her mother wasn't in when we arrived, and as her father remarried some time ago and had moved to London, we had the house to ourselves. As youngsters do, we took advantage of this and soon ended up in the bedroom.

We quickly stripped off and soon I had my cock inside Hazel's eager fanny and was giving her a good slow fucking. I was just on the point of delivering the goods to her when I felt her body stiffen. I instinctively looked around, and horror of horrors, there was her mother looking down on us.

I prepared myself for the inevitable hysterics , but to my great surprise they didn't happen. Instead, her mother said "Go on, finish her off." I looked down on Hazel and she seemed as shocked as I was. She seemed quite willing as well, and as my cock was still hard and deep between her legs, I obliged.

So there I was, shagging my bird in front of her mother who'd sat down on the edge of the bed in order to get a better view. Hazel's a good ride at the best of times, but on that occasion she was randier than I'd ever seen her before. She was pushing her hips up to meet my thrusts which were becoming more frenzied, partly due to the encouragement provided by Hazel's mother, who was telling me to "fuck my little sexpot of a daughter so she'll never forget it."

This seemed to turn Hazel on even more, because she

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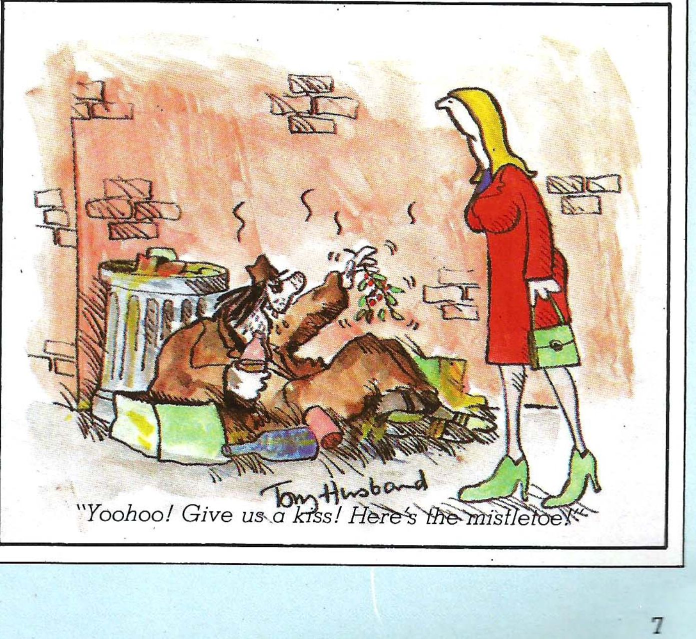
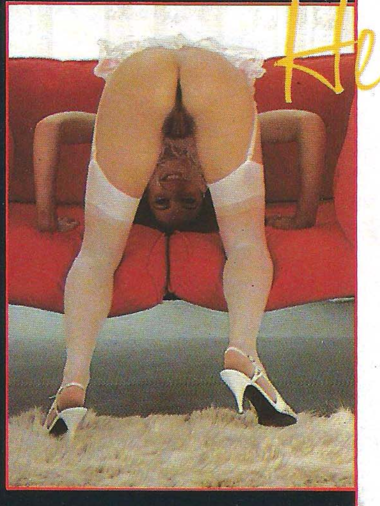
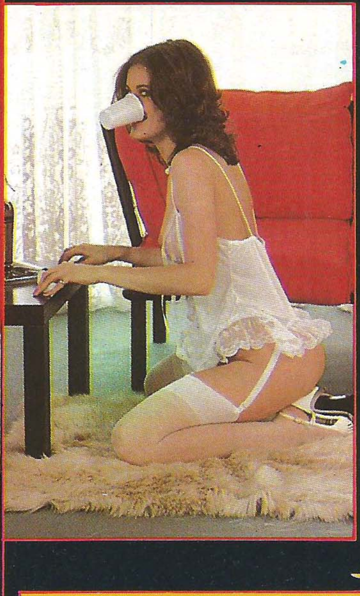


"Yoohoo! Give us a kiss! Here's the mistletoe!"

CAUGHT IN THE ACT





Stocking Fillers

It is a time for being nice to people. The Editor has breathed malt fumes over me and asked me to leave plenty of room for a bumper bundle of pictures. Hah! He is probably hoping to pay me less.

First to take the plunge, or indeed the plunger, is Charlie — a regular sucker for punishment. You now know that the answer to the question "You don't want to feel a right Charlie, do you?" is "Yes. And a left one as well, please."

Seasonal stupidity on the scarlet sofa brings you both the three-eyed wink and a real honky-tonk woman. I should like, as the saying goes, to set the Heather on fire tonight.

Last, and indeed lust, is that delectable broth-spoiler, Margot. Kinda makes you wish you were sage and onion, don't it?

There you have it. Three Christmas crackers I'd like to pull any day. I shall be leaving a pair of stockings pinned to my mantlepiece as usual. Shame we've got central heating. Rats!

That short enough, you comatose bastard? (No — Ed.)

CAUGHT SHORT

Come Back Scrooge, All Is Forgiven . . .

I do not, of course, perform my own press research. This demeaning and tiresome duty falls entirely within the province of the Assistant Editor, an overgrown juvenile who should, by rights, indicate his unbounded gratitude for being permitted to undertake this honour at every suitable opportunity. Instead, in response to my tactful cry of ''Christmas cuttings, Braincell!'' the retarded ingrate grunts peevishly and produces a 1981 vintage scrap of dog-earedness, chronicling the dismissal of a young Australian Santa Claus from a London chain store for spying on female staff as they changed their vestments.

Santa Clauses, I feel, are not what they used to be. Neither, come to that, are Christmases in general. For one thing, have you noticed how early they start? We must count ourselves lucky these days if we are spared kitsch festive decor in the high streets until as late as mid-October. The season for tuneless urchins with little or no memory for lyrics to stand on your doorstep and demand money with menaces in the name of carol singing has now regressed with such celerity as to barely allow the ashes of old Fawkes to cool on the common. I habitually refuse to cough up, I must admit, in the entirely reasonable assumption that all pecuniary donations will be sacrificed in offering to the great god Atari as sure as closing time follows last orders.

All that can be relied on to remain forever constant in this season of feigned good-will is the fare offered to innocent licence payers on the box of many evils. It is all right, I imagine, for those of you with these new-fangled video cassette thingumerjigs, who can always leap off into the 1981 Ashes series, Scandinavian Nympho Nurses on Motorbikes or even, in case of emergency, the testcard, at the idle press of a remote control. The rest of us are doomed to the Sound of Music, Bing Crosby or Frank Sinatra as sure as coma follows drinking-up. I might be thankful, I suppose, for the mercy of only being able to suffer in black and white, were it not for the insistence of my indoor aeriel that I should witness the entire, horrendous von Trapp family in triplicate. I can only hope that those responsible, in the bowels of the television palaces, open their gaudy parcels beneath moulting Christmas trees to discover that they have been given plastic inflatable Mary Whitehouse dolls or exploding ET monsters which leave their carpets covered in steaming alien entrails.

It may help, I know, to think that in the small hours we can be comforted by the good old wireless as it brings us news of fresh disasters from distant cricket fields. But here, too, we must pray for clemency, lest the rigours of supermarket religion are replaced only by the gospel according to F.S. Trueman, (the Headingley Heresy).

I should retire for the season, I suspect, to some far-flung land of an unchristian or indeed entirely godless nature, or at the very least one where they do not idolise Gene Kelly, Julie Andrews or Jim Davidson. Tibet might, for such purposes, suffice — or, at a pinch, West Yorkshire. Meanwhile, for the benefit of readers who have been kind enough to enquire (none, to date, but one lives in hope), these are a few of the presents which would find most favourable reception in my stocking this year.

- A pocket-sized gas-chromatography unit programmed to indicate all proprietary brands of after-shave. Handy for detecting those parcels which might usefully be binned without the tedious rigmarole of opening them.
- A large tin of reindeer meatballs.
- Laboratory equipment suitable for converting woolly socks (louder than Motorhead, sent by colour-blind, if thoughtful aunts) into any variety of potable alcohol.
- A course in hypnotising pub landlords.

The truth is that I can forsee already that I shall receive none of these, sure as hangover follows night. Ah well. Merry fucking Christmas.

BY W.F. GUTTERSNIPE

KNAVE MAGAZINE INVITES YOU TO A PARTY

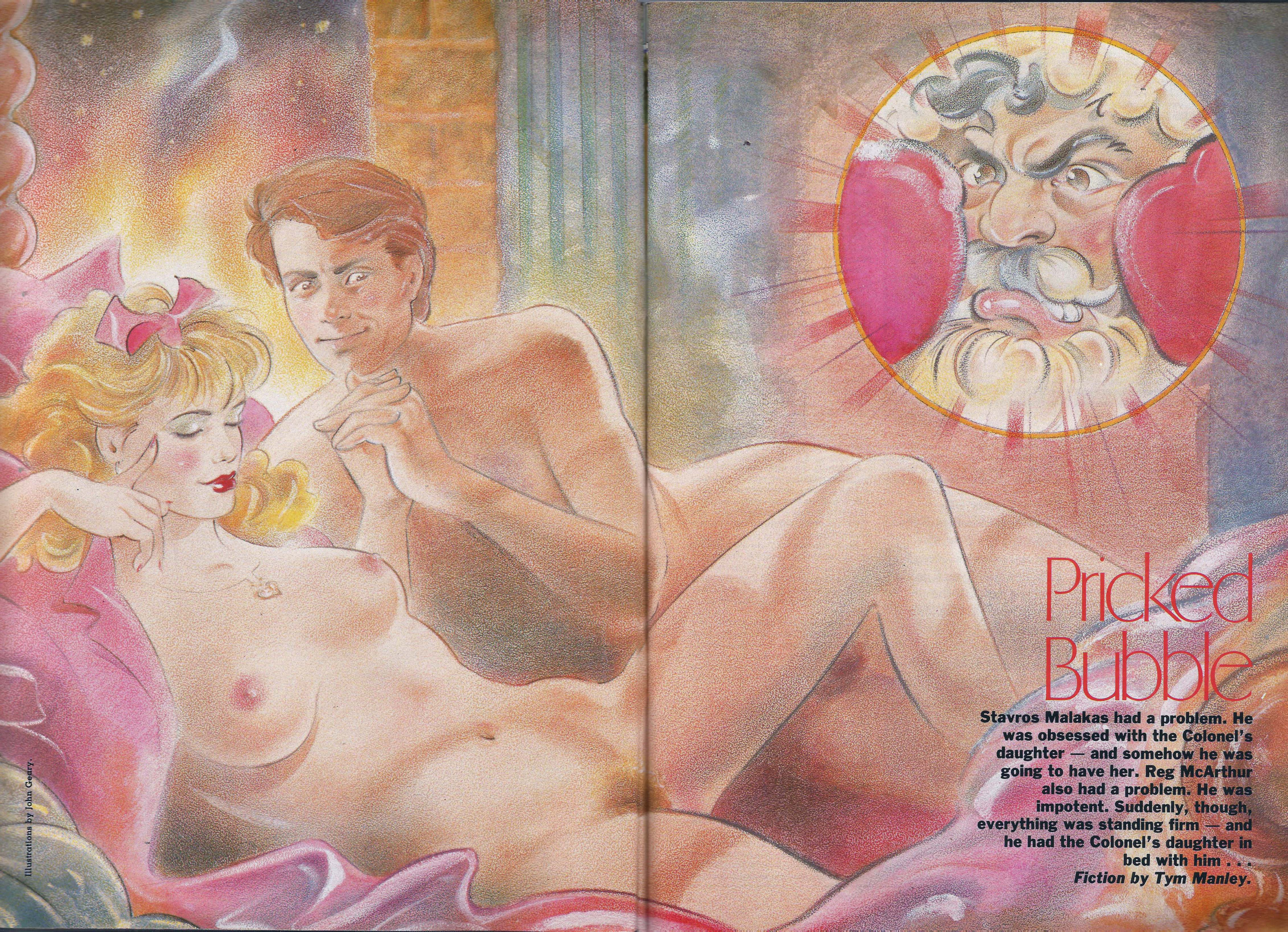
Charlie

Yes, she did go to the ball — and a rotten time she had of it too. It was but a ploy, a thinly veiled excuse for the Editor to try and get her ratted enough to relinquish her knickers at the drop of a hint. So what happened? You did! What with? Did he get up again? Serves him right!

Charlie is, as the Editor (give him his due) noticed, absolutely delicious, gorgeous and sexy — five foot nothing and 35-22-35 with it. She's also very experienced at turning down importunate twerps so, should you ever meet her, be nice . . . polite . . . genuine . . . and wait for her to ask you. A smack in the teeth often offends ...

PHOTOGRAPHED BY RAPHAEL

MAGAZINE
A PARTY

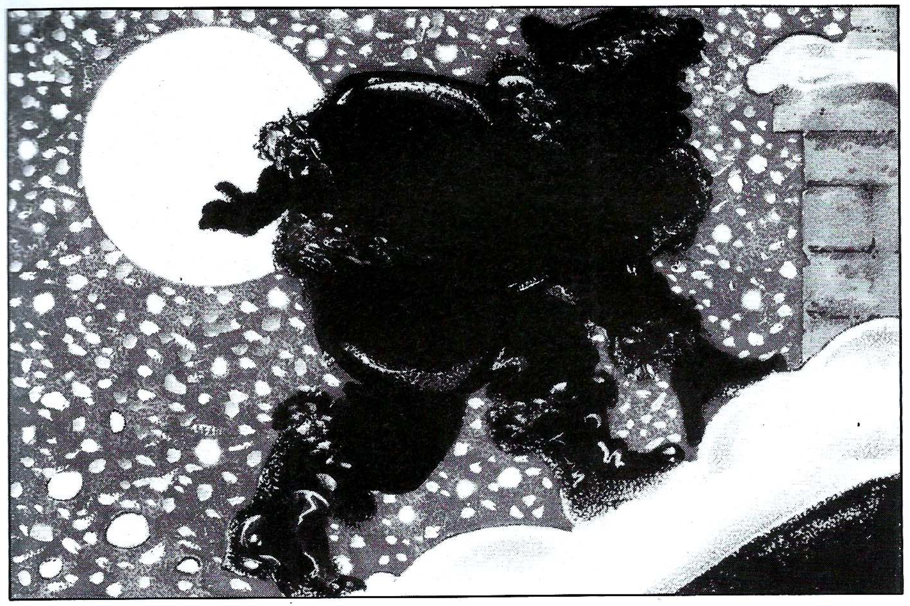


Pricked Bubble

Stavros Malakas had a problem. He was obsessed with the Colonel's daughter — and somehow he was going to have her. Reg McArthur also had a problem. He was impotent. Suddenly, though, everything was standing firm — and he had the Colonel's daughter in bed with him . . .

Fiction by Tym Manley.

Illustrations by John Geary.



It was still there. Reg McArthur took a pin from the bedside table, gripped it firmly between finger and thumb, and jabbed it hard into the purple head of his erect penis.

It's real! He thought. I'm awake! He thought. Whooopeee! He thought. "YEEEOOOOOWWW!" He said. And grinned.

Not that it was unusual for Reg to have an erection. What was bloody unusual was for him to have one with a naked girl lying so close to him on the bed. His was a nervous dong. In the 32 years he'd never persuaded it inside a girl. It would blush and shrink on the brink. He'd come close of course....

The doctor said he suffered from aversion syndrome, but then the doctor had just been on a course. Reg knew it was due to the pencil of fate. Every time he got it erect near a pussy the blue pencil of fate would give him a sharp rap on the helmet. A 4B pencil it was, very soft. Of course it was all the Colonel's fault to begin with. He'd come close though...

It was still there. Reg looked down his tanned muscular body and smiled. He'd be able to cut out the bloody weight lifting now. And the sun lamps and the sodding masculine sports and talking dirty down the pub. Now he could actually fuck, the macho bit could go. Sylvia would be pleased. So would the Colonel.

He looked over the hummock of sleeping girl. Eyes followed her spread legs up to the hollow of her thighs. Between limp hands her pussy pouted, crimson, open, salty-wet, like a sea anenome under the fronds of blonde hair. His erection stayed calm. Eyes moved on, up arms, around bunched up breasts, with the nipples sunk in now like big soft thumb tacks, up to her bruised mouth — all the face clear of a billow of hair.

Lips puffy from sucking his useless cock for so long. But there was a smile on the sore lips, Reg had seen to that. He was expert with tongue and fingers. "An impotent man can give a great deal of pleasure," Reg always said. "Particularly to his friends when they find out."

There she lay, the Colonel's daughter. He was hot to sieze the hour and whack it in straight off with no ceremony, but he held himself back. That would spoil it. Better to wait 'til she woke, share the surprise with her, make it a special occasion. He wasn't going to lose this hard-on and it was Christmas Eve after all.

"Even odder was Stavros' idea that Sylvia awaited his dwarfish attentions. 'Revolting little bubble' was polite compared with the language her finishing school had taught her to call him. But he imagined her carnal desire for him as he shuffled about in his built-up snow shoes."

* * *

Stavros Malakas was also imagining the Colonel's daughter. Not as she was, lying naked in the stables, which Reg had converted into such a desirable rural residence. If he'd thought of her like that and there Stavros would have been kicking the walls with his built-up shoes screaming for vengeance in the snow. No, Stavros imagined her coccooned in her little white room in the Rectory itself. Pretending to sleep, but wet with waiting for her goat-hung Greek hero to come to her. He also imagined her blood-thirsty father patrolling the hall with his gun. "You revolting little bubble," that's what that Colonel had dared to say to The Malakas! Stavros had added an inch to his heels after that.

The nearest Stavros's lustful thoughts came to Reg's house was the roof. The road by which he could reach the broad chimney of his beloved's room and give her the thrill of her life.

Stavros didn't think of Reg at all. They had never met. But in a curious way they were related. One night in Cyprus Reg's father, the Sergeant, had fired three times at a terrorist leader. He missed. The man escaped and went home. That night Stavros was conceived. Both then owed their lives to the same man in a hit and miss sort of way. They were brothers, you might say, in the positive and negative modes. Odd.

Even odder was Stavros's idea that Sylvia awaited his dwarfish attentions. "Revolting little bubble" was polite compared with the language her finishing school had taught her to call him. But he imagined her carnal desire for him as he shuffled about in his built-up shoes preparing ladders, climbing hooks, snow shoes.

* * *

He would slide down her chimney in his Father Christmas robe, she would clamp her lips around his sooty pork kebab and her fascist father could whistle for a father for his grandson. He, The Malakas, would pay the cuckoo with a nightingale.

From this you can see that Stavros hated the Colonel and was thinking in Greek. And it must be said on his side that the Colonel had put Stavros's father in jail and slipped a bun into his sister's oven, although Stavros didn't know at the time.

He pushed a bag of stinkbombs into the pocket of his robe. On his way back he would drop them down the Colonel's chimney. He sniggered as he put on his beard. His robe dragged in the snow as he trudged, heavily laden, towards the rectory.

* * *

"The cheek of that revolting little bubble." Colonel Hutcherson's teeth dug a groove in the stem of his unlit Peterson. The thought of Stavros had come upon him and interrupted his observations. He whirled wheels and pulled levers, dragging the big telescope away from Mars. He made no notes, he added nothing to his map of the planet. He swore and grunted as he brought the lens down to sweep the snow-hung trees below.

"Fellow asks for my daughter's hand. Just because she slapped his face at the Guy Fawkes do. 'She lerves me', he says, 'she slapped me so she lerves me'. Preposterous miniature greaseball. Swearing revenge. Pah!"

The Colonel sighed with relief as the telescope picked out Reg's skylight. His Sylvia was safe, curled up with Reg. They hadn't made it though. Damn! Then he started. He had seen Reg's erection. "Whack it in there, young feller," he roared. "Dip your wick, damn you." The Colonel groaned. Poor bugger was probably afraid to try again. Poor old Reg. The son of the best batman a man could hope for. Son of the man who saved his life — or would have done if it had ever been in danger. Poor Sylvia, waiting all this time for a man who couldn't. And it was all the Colonel's fault. He swore and hurried downstairs to blast the drive clear of snow with his flame-thrower.

* * *

It was still there. Reg twitched it. It was a good one. He had moved towards Sylvia, trying to con his cock that he was going to dip it, it hadn't flinched. He'd turned her on her back and crouched between her legs. No sign of panic in the prick. She'd better wake up soon though. Even erections get bored waiting.

He let his hand nuzzle Sylvia's pussy. She stirred and smiled. It would be the first time....in 32 years. He'd come close of course, that was the trouble.

That first time: He had been 16. With young Nancy Pepperrell in the little meadow. June grass up around your thighs and young Nancy with her knees pulled up to her breast, barely a hair on it, pussy as tight and warm as a wren's nest. And Reg on his hands and knees. Erect. That was the first time. Head engaged, about to thrust and ZIP ZIP ZIP KABOOOM!

Fifteen red hot nails in his arse. A back bleeding to a pattern and a crack along the skull that put the lights out.

The Colonel. Testing the choke on his new over and under, the other side of the hedge.

They'd tried it again, he and Nancy, but by then his cock was nervous. Every time the same. Just about to plunge and he'd feel pains in the bum and his cock would crash-dive for cover. Aversion syndrome the doctor said, but it was the blue pencil of fate, editing his sex life.

Fate was like the school nurse. She'd hoisted Reg's twelve-year old bollocks one day and up it came. One crack with her pencil and phrrrrrtttt, like a pricked balloon. Fate didn't want Reg to make it.

* * *

A man climbing a ladder in shoes full of three-inch lifts is an amusing sight. Put that man in Santa Claus drag, put half a hundredweight of gear in his sack and give him a sudden blizzard to climb in and you have the crowd in stitches. Not that there was a crowd. Stavros had waited an hour before the new snow drove the Colonel indoors.

He fell off three times. The snow froze to him, white shit on a red blanket. His moustache tinkled with icicles, but he made it. Crouching on the gable of Reg's house he took a snort from his raki flask and gazed along the forty yards of roof ridge that led to the rectory wall. He inched along it on his arse until the snow got through. Then he stood up quickly, arms windmilling wildly. Now his pubes tinkled with icicles too.

Stavros took another swig of raki. Raki talks. This slug told him that The Stavros Malakas, son of The One-legged John, did not *crawl* on his arse anywhere. Stavros rose, took six bold steps, slipped, sat down hard and took another swig of raki. This one snarled at him to go back for the ladder. 'It's twelve feet up from the end of this roof to the chimney stack, berk', it said. Stavros turned. The roof ridge sagged under his weight. A slate crashed down.

"Dirty Annie Rayment! What a girl! Straight black hair like steel wire, a long white face as innocent as a child's and the foulest mouth in the port of Brixham — which is saying something. The two of them out crabbing all day and lying in the sun off Berry Head covered in mackerel slime. What a girl!"

* * *

It was still there. Reg smiled. This time it was certain. About time. After Nancy he'd been shy of girls, but he'd come close one summer, in his father's trawler. With Dirty Annie Raymant.

What a girl! Straight black hair like steel wire, a long white face as innocent as a child's and the foulest mouth in the port of Brixham — which is saying something. The two of them out crabbing all day and lying in the sun off Berry Head covered in mackerel slime.

He'd decided to try it from behind. Could be the missionary position was reminding him too strongly of Nancy and buckshot in the butt. He'd not told his cock what he was up to. He draped Annie over a keep pot on the deck and it had leapt up at the sight of her big steel wool mound with the tiny pink split drowning between excited purple lips.

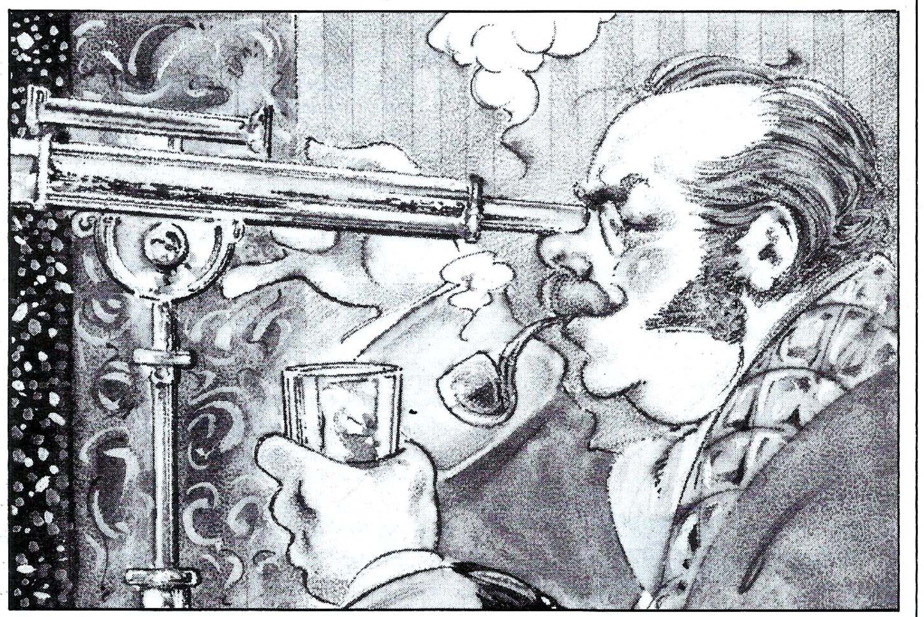
Oh Dirty Annie Raymant! He'd sidled up to her and jumped her quick, before his cock began to suspect. He'd missed. Whoever disabled the lobsters fighting claws hadn't done it too well. Lobster and cock fought. Lobster won. Yes, he'd come close.

How Annie Raymant had laughed.

The roof creaked alarmingly. Reg felt a pang of anxiety. He'd taken out a beam and not replaced it. But he did a calculation and relaxed. The roof would take more than any likely load of snow. He looked across at Sylvia. She was still smiling, but her eyes seemed glued shut. Reg increased the pressure of his fingers slightly. He could wait. But not for long.

* * *

Taking the last twenty feet at the run, the ladder balanced precariously across his shoulders, Stavros reached the rectory wall and sank down panting. He took yet another swig from his flask, relaxed, then sprang up wildly. All the feeling had gone from his knackers. Hands clawing desperately at frozen red robes, he sought them out. He rubbed them with raki, fearing frost bite. Stavros look-



ed enviously at the warm light which oozed through the snow-covered skylight and cursed the weather. But it was just as well it was snowing. Through a clear skylight he would have seen Reg put his arms round naked Sylvia, seen his lips on her breasts. So the snow saved Stavros from apoplexy even though it threatened to freeze his balls off.

He rubbed furiously, gritting his teeth against the pins and needles in his greasy whang. What point was there going down the chimney at all if all his waiting beloved could expect was a mouthful of raki popsicle at the end of it?

* * *

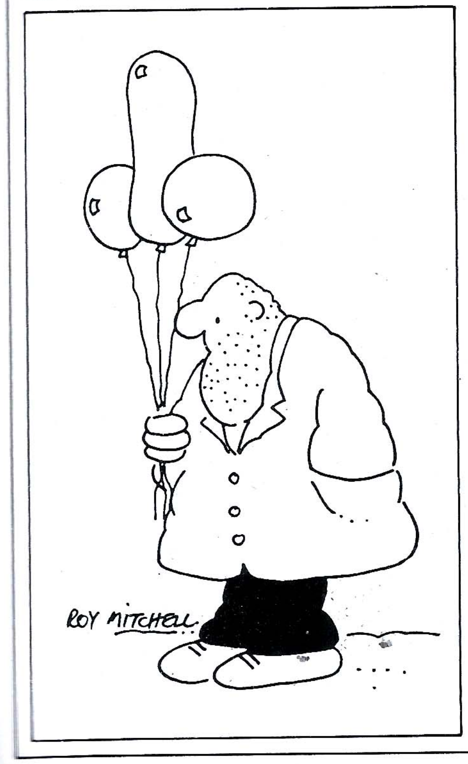
The Colonel, driven in by the fresh snow, went straight to his daughter's bedroom. It was time to fill her stocking. He did it every year. Always the same: tangerine, hazelnuts, hair grips, charm bracelet, teddy bear. Every year, for twenty-three years, just the same. He would do it when she was fifty if he had to, though he had hoped Reg would be doing it by now. Reg just wasn't much use at filling things, that's all.

The Colonel, his wife having died young, was a good, if sentimental, father. He did mummyish things for Sylvia which would have sickened him if he'd seen another man at it. But he never thought of it like that. To the Colonel they, like stocking filling, were strictly routine.

As he worked he remembered that he'd left the window open in his observatory on the roof. He cursed. The place would be full of snow. Better go and shut it. He heaved himself to his feet.

* * *

It was still there, but Reg was getting bored with it. Erections are curious things. Like peerages. A man without one strives hard to get it. But a man who has one can hardly wait to get rid of it.



Reg had reached that stage. He was lying on Sylvia now, his lips at her nipples, his hand working vigorously at her pussy. She stirred and muttered in her sleep. Her arms drew him close. His cock stiffened. This time he was sure of it.

He'd come close of course. Once he was in an inch or so. With a French whore in Nice. On the bed, in at least an inch he was, before she had the epileptic fit.

She'd shoved him out like toothpaste from a tube. She squeezed everything else out as well. It wasn't a pretty memory.

> **"Stavros hammered his grapnel into the mortar of the chimney lip and let his rope down the broad old flue. He clambered up in his built-up shoes and carefully lowered himself into the darkness. He jolted to a stop and swung, hanging from his arse. He had grapnelled his robe to the chimney too . . ."**

"Hello darling."

Sylvia had opened one eye. "Look what I've got for you."

She pinched herself and squealed. She wasn't dreaming. She reached for the erection.

"Want it," said Sylvia.

But Reg pushed her hand away. "Not yet, not until you're really ready," he said proudly. And went to work with practised tongue and fingers.

Stavros hammered his grapnel into the mortar of the chimney lip and let his rope down the broad old flue. He clambered up in his built-up shoes and carefully lowered himself into the darkness. He jolted to a stop and swung, hanging from his arse. He had grapnelled his robe to the chimney too. Frantic with rage he ripped at the cloth.

If he'd been thirty seconds quicker the Colonel could not have seen him. As it was, opening the observatory door to shovel the snow out, the old boy got a clear view of Stavros just as he disappeared.

"Bugger the little goat shagger," roared the Colonel. It sounded like a command. He took the stairs five at a time. In his daughter's room he found a pile of soot in the grate. From the chimney came the distinct sound of a greasy little bubble sliming down the flue of his ancestral home.

The flame thrower was still on the bed.

* * *

Which was why the balls of Stavros Malakas unfroze all of a sudden. A blast of red hot air seared his arse. He climbed with new-found skill. A bend of the chimney prevented the immediate kebabbing of The Malakas, but grilled he was. The soot started to glow red hot around him. He climbed frantically, the rope sizzling up behind him like a piece of quick match.

* * *

It was still there. Sylvia had her hand around it now and it hadn't flinched. Her fingers douldn't quite meet.

"Oh Reg, it's so big," she whispered. "Now?"

"If you're really ready. It's your Christmas present, you know."

"Oh Reg, I'm more than ready."

Her legs rose and parted. The anemone opened for the tide.

* * *

Singed Stavros made the roof and was running across the ridge when the Colonel reached the door of his observatory. KABOOM KABOOM.

Always a good shot the Colonel got a right and a left. A brace of buttocks. Good shooting Sir!

Stavros yelled. He clawed at his arse. The ladder fell away. Stavros swayed, he plunged, he crashed. Skylight, roof, slates, hooks, ropes and five hundredweight of snow followed Stavros onto Reg's bed.

The lights went out. Fractured water pipes sprayed the tangled mass from all angles. A revolting smell filled the air. Some of it was stinkbombs.

Reg MacArthur felt the pencil of fate rapping him on the helmet once more. But this time he wouldn't give in. He felt for his erection. It was still there.

"Bugger it," yelled Reg, and he thrust home despite the chaos around them. He felt the warm flesh surround him and rejoiced. He reached around to cuddle Sylvia's breasts.

"Never mind, little lovey," said Reg, "it's just that my first performance has brought the house down, that's all."

He laughed. Then grunted. Then he howled. His hands tangled in chest hair tinkling with icicles.

"Get out of my arse, you bloody faggot," yelled Stavros Malakas in despair. He lashed out with one elbow, removing two of Reg's beautiful teeth.

Which brings us to the moral of this story: *Never trust a Greek wearing lifts.*

Poor Reg, poor Sylvia. Poor Colonel. Sod Stavros.

But it is almost certain that, having thrown Stavros out of the window, and having washed his erection many times in strong Dettol, Reg led Sylvia to the spare bedroom. And that there he filled her stocking many times.

I think we can assume that. It being Christmas. ■

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Within just 4 or 5 days, I was meeting more beautiful girls than I knew what to do with.

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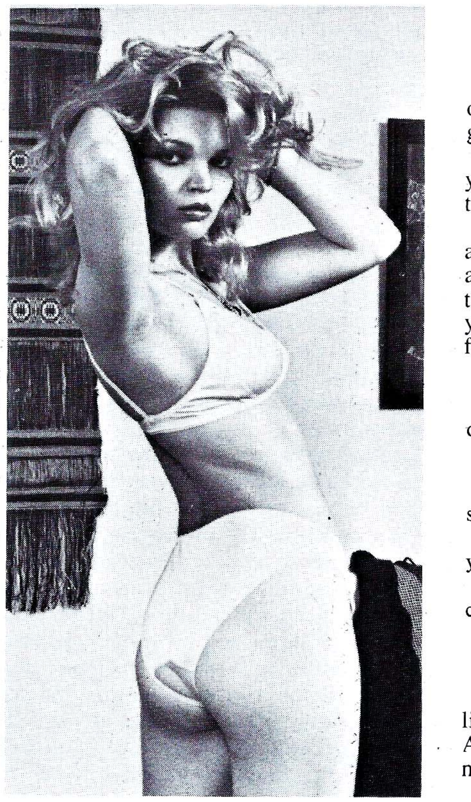

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Now maybe this sounds like a bunch of "mumbo-jumbo" to you. If so — let us suggest this:

Put your doubts aside for awhile and give yourself a chance.

Notice we said "give yourself" a chance.

This principle works ... and all the doubts in the world won't change that. But if you let your doubts get in your way — and you don't at least give it a try — you'll be selling yourself short and robbing yourself of the success with girls you want so badly.

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Simply follow the steps in our easy-to-read, easy-to-understand book called ... *The Easy Way To Get Girls; Through S/A Hypnotism*.

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In fact, we're going to go ahead and make you one of the most unusual guarantees in the history of advertising. And here it is:

Try out the principle of *S/A Hypnotism* for a month. Then ... if you haven't met, dated and even *slept* with more beautiful girls in those four weeks than you have in the past year, return the material. We'll rush you a full refund *and more*.

We will send you:

- £5.00 (the original amount you paid for our material)

Plus:

- 12p (the cost of the stamp you used to send us your order)
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- 5p (for the time it took you to fill out the coupon)
- 10p (for your trouble)

Think about that for a second.

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Every man who is popular with girls has his own special technique he uses to get them. If you are lucky enough to be one of these successful gentlemen, you don't need us or S/A Hypnotism.

On the other hand — if you're seriously looking for a *reliable, no-nonsense* method of getting girls; a method that will work *anywhere, anytime* ... maybe you should give *S/A Hypnotism* an honest try. You may soon find yourself with more girls than any ten men put together!

Modern Times Book Club,
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After trying your material for a month, I must be meeting, dating and even sleeping with more girls than I have in the past year. Or I may return the material for a full refund *and more*.

I understand my material will be sent in a plain wrapper.

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Continued from page 7.

was moaning and gasping so loudly I'm sure the whole street could hear. Eventually, I could hold back no longer and I released my spunk deep inside her soaking slit with a huge orgasmic shudder.

Hazel was very close to coming, so I withdrew my semi-erect prick and rubbed it hard against her fanny lips a few times until she exploded with a prolonged orgasm.

I lay back against Hazel on the bed, feeling good, to give her mother a good view of my weapon. I saw her take a deep breath, stand up and tear her clothes off, and she climbed back onto the bed. Taking my cock into her mouth she began to suck me and gently squeeze my balls, coaxing my tool back to its full length. This accomplished, she stood up and left the room.

I looked at Hazel who just gave me a contented smile and shrugged her shoulders. I wasn't left wondering for long though; back came Hazel's mum with a vibrator, and on entering the room she ordered me to screw her daughter again. Hazel and I were in no mood to argue, and we complied while her mother was rubbing one of her beautiful crimson nipples with one hand and plying the vibrator with the other.

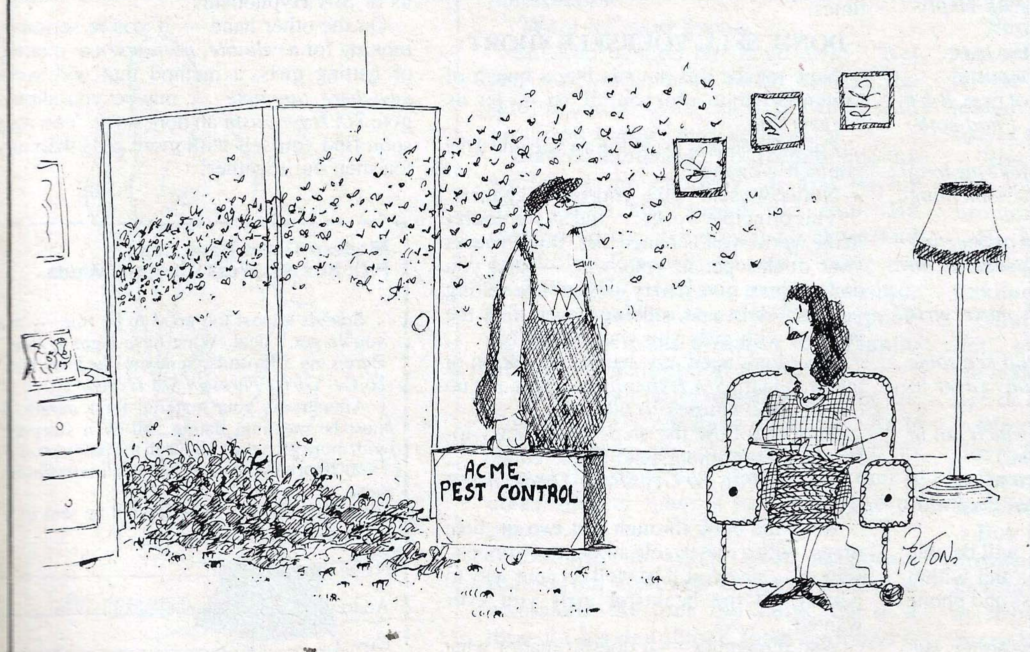
It wasn't long before all three of us had come. That night I shagged Hazel more times than I'd have thought possible, always at her mother's direction and she ordered Hazel to suck me in between fucks. Apart from that brief blow-job, however, I didn't get the chance to even touch Hazel's mother again — she seemed to get her enjoyment from watching her daughter being well and truly fucked.

Anyway, must go. I'm off round to Hazel's now — hopefully I'll meet her mother. — *Mark, Manchester.*

Flashprance

My wife Jane is a consistent flasher, but she hasn't gone as far as Miss S.T., (Vol.15 No.1), in walking naked in the park. We must work on that when it gets warmer.

Jane has a lot of fun in the office. She works as a receptionist for a public relations firm, and is very much part of the service offered to clients and the people they are trying to persuade. Her normal working clothes are suggestive, rather than blatant, because most of the clients are perfectly respectable. Favoured visitors get taken up in the lift by her personally — and it's surprising how often the lift gets stuck between floors.



"I wish you wouldn't bring your work home with you, George."

Jane loves her work, especially when she acts as hostess in the hospitality suite. Here her outfit can be as provocative as will be acceptable to the guests being entertained. Even if her tits are clearly visible up front, she likes to keep it as long as possible before people get a look (or maybe a quick feel) up her skirt. The shorter the skirt, she assures me, the more fun the game. Once she served drinks to forty motor dealers topless, and with no panties underneath her flared black mini skirt.

It's not only the clients who benefit from my wife's displays either — whenever she can she tries to let the staff catch a glimpse of her charms. She makes a point of going down to the canteen in her hostess outfit, and she has gone in the staff lift wearing a sheer blouse with her breasts bare underneath.

I work in an advertising agency which does business with Jane's firm, but nobody except her boss and I know that she and I are connected — so I get to hear comments about her both from enthusiastic clients and disapproving members of the staff.

Outside work Jane gets herself some exposure through her sporting activities. She likes to play tennis on Saturday mornings, and has pretty white tennis dresses designed to show off a pair of frilly panties underneath. When she is playing at her club she looks enchanting, but quite decent. At other places, however, she wears sheer bikini briefs, or if I ask her, no pants at all.

Shopping for shoes or lingerie affords us another opportunity to display her charms — and she enjoys shocking sales ladies most of all. Often she wears a pair of very short shorts, cut high on the cheeks of her bum, and a thin white cotton tank top. This leaves her navel bare and lets the movement of her breasts be seen clearly as she walks along the High Street, or bends down to examine her purchases closely.

We like to play a little game when she goes jogging. Jane will go for a run, wearing a tight pair of white cotton shorts with nothing on underneath so the crotch can be pulled tightly into her crack, leaving her cunt lips clearly outlined. After a longish run she will come into a pub where I have arranged to meet her and she will be all sweaty and dishevelled with her clothes sticking to her like a second skin. She has to pretend not to notice me at first, and wanders around the bars 'looking' for me, while I watch all the admiring glances she gets from the fellas who stop sinking their pints to watch her.

To finish, let me tell you about our efforts to get Jane some exciting bikinis for a holiday we plan to take in the South of France this year. Having looked in most of the stores and boutiques, Jane couldn't find anything to suit her exhibitionist tastes, so she bought some cord and material to make a couple of string bikinis for herself. She was quickly forced to admit defeat on the project, however, as she is not much of a seamstress — at her own admission.

One evening she met a lady, at a Conservative political meeting of all places, who introduced herself as a dressmaker and Jane asked if she could run up a couple of skimpy bikinis for her. The lady said that she had never made swimwear before, but was willing to try, and the lady and her well-to-do husband agreed to come home with us to fetch the material and see what was wanted.

In the lounge, Jane simply stepped out of her dress in front of the three of us, and described the top that she wanted by moving her hands across her breasts. She wanted to leave as much of her breasts as possible uncovered, but needed to cover her nipples. The bottom, she explained, was to be like the usual string bikini bottom, consisting of a piece of cord round her waist and down between the cheeks of her bum, and a tiny triangle of material at the front.

Fortunately, the lady was quite amused by the project — and by the way her husband was getting hot under the collar — and she agreed to assist as much as possible. It has proved amazingly difficult to design a top which remains in place, and she recruited another dressmaking friend to help. Jane wore an early prototype to a fancy dress dance with 'The South Seas' as the theme — with hilarious results, but the final version has now been produced, together with a daring bikini bottom.

The G string has been refined so that the material no longer begins under the crotch, but half way up the front of the pussy. If Jane is feeling respectable, she can pull on the back of the waist cord and be covered. If she is in a daring mood, she can pull up the front and the material will rise above the lower part of her pussy and the cord slips between her lips, leaving her fully exposed — especially if she bends down to retrieve something from the sand.

Perhaps the most interesting part of the whole exercise is the way in which the two older women have become fully involved in the whole scheme — and have even asked us to let them have some photos of Jane on the beach. I can't wait to go on holiday this year, I can tell you! — *G.K., Uckfield.*

Payback Poke

Judging by some of your letters I must have been somewhat unusual up until last year. That is, I was thirty years old, married for ten and a half years and a faithful wife throughout apart from a few gropes at parties. I thought your readers might like to learn how all that changed.

I discovered that my husband Paul had been screwing one of my best friends for some time — and the fact that it was someone that I knew well made it all the worse to accept. At first I considered confronting Paul with my discovery, but on reflection I decided that it would be more fitting to pay him back in kind.

With this in mind, I resolved that the next time I saw his friend Dave I would put myself on offer as I already knew that he fancied me. A few weeks after taking this decision, we were all at a party and I was a bit put out that Dave didn't seem to be paying me much attention. Eventually, however, he asked me to dance to a smoochy number and I soon felt the swelling in his trousers pressing against my tummy. He never failed to get an erection when we danced, but in the past I had always stopped him when he tried to feel me up.

This time he must have thought his luck was in, for when his hand dropped to my bum, instead of moving it away I pressed myself closer to him and pushed my thigh into his crotch.

Dave seemed at a loss for a moment at this turn around in my attitude, and I thought for a moment that I might have called his bluff and he was going to lose his nerve. He soon recovered his composure, however, and began gently squeezing my bottom, gently parting my cheeks with his fingers through the thin material of my dress. The thought of what he intended by this made me excited, and I could feel my panties getting damp.

Dave still didn't seem convinced that I wasn't just teasing him, and he kept looking at me as if expecting me to call a halt. To put his mind at rest I reached down between us and gripped his cock. I couldn't stifle a small gasp as I realised exactly how big it was — and Dave regained his self assurance immediately he realised I was impressed.

As we danced the next couple of dances we held a furtive conversation, discussing how we might be alone — and we both conceded with some regret that it would be almost impossible on that night. Dave agreed to ring me during the week.

Fate took a hand, to my delight, when Paul crashed out asleep on the sofa around one o'clock, completely drunk and oblivious to the world. Although I had passed my driving test a couple of months previously I wasn't too happy about driving in the dark, and I was pleased when Dave volunteered to drive us home.

With the help of two friends Dave and I managed to get Paul into the back seat of our car, and I took my seat by Dave in the front. Before we had turned the first corner Dave's hand was above my stockings and was inching its way towards my crotch.

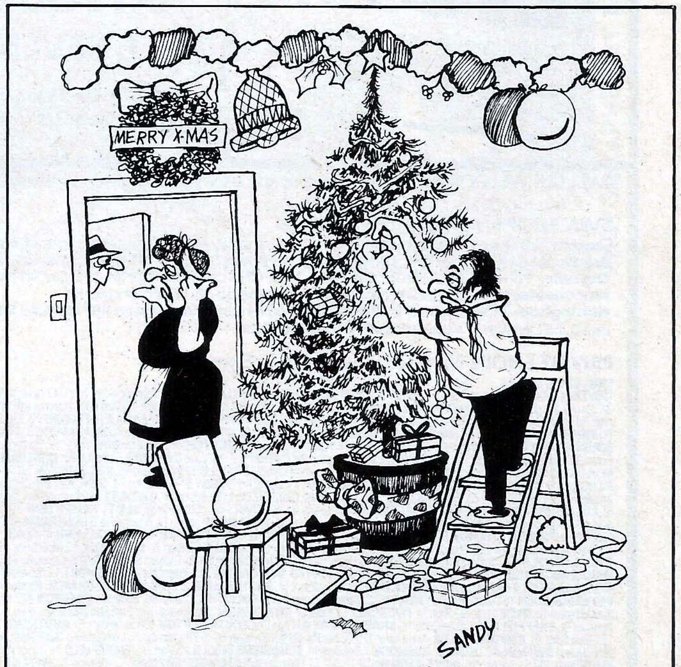
Glancing over my shoulder to see if Paul was still out for the count, I slowly pulled Dave's zip down. It took some time releasing his huge cock from the confines of his underpants, but I was well pleased when I was holding his monster in my hand. I remember thinking, "If a girl's going to be unfaithful, she might as well get a good handful."

Without a word, Dave reached across, put his hand behind my head and pulled me gently onto his lap. I had to really stretch my mouth to accommodate him, but I soon had my head bobbing up and down greedily on his lovely cock.

As we approached our flat I released Dave's cock from my ministrations, and we straightened ourselves up. Once we had got Paul out of the car and stretched him out on the bed, there was a moment's embarrassment, but I simply reached out for Dave, and he fair flew across the bedroom to me. He had soon removed my dress and I stood before him in just white panties, suspender belt and stockings. He took my hand to lead me from the room, but I was determined to have sex as close to Paul as possible so I simply sank to my knees and began to release his cock from its prison.

In no time at all, my mouth was once again full of prick and I fondled his balls watching Paul out of the corner of my eye as I sucked on Dave's magnificent weapon. I had intended to stop before he

Continued on page 70



"He's in the front room hanging his balls on the Christmas tree."

HEATHER

PHOTOGRAPHED BY K. K. JONES

Remember we told you about our Amateur Model who failed to turn up in time for the shoot? This was the set we had ready for her. Panic stricken, we phoned round and Heather stepped into the breach — guess we got lucky, huh? Heather is (only just) 18, though she admits that she's never had any problems along the lines of, "Are you 18, Miss?" in pubs and such. Not that she frequents that sort of establishment overmuch — you're more likely to find her gargling oysters and shampoo in one of London's more up-market fish restaurants, what? Mixing with the Roddys and Julians of this world. In fact we rather suspect that she looked upon us as 'a bit of rough.' Bloody cheek.

KNAVE PLAYS Joker

£5 per joke published! Yes, inflation hits humour at last and we've doubled our rates. Send your funnies to Knave Plays Joker, 252 Belsize Road, London NW6 4BT. Good luck and keep 'em coming, okay?

BLOKE OUT bird watching in the woods and taking photographs, when he suddenly comes across a priest masturbating. He quietly takes out his camera and photographs the priest. He goes home and develops the film and, to his astonishment, recognises the priest as the parish priest of his own district.

He realises that he is in a strong bargaining position, so catches a stray dog, puts a lead on it and goes to the priest's house and offers the priest the dog for £100. "What would I want a mangy looking beast like that for, and at a price of £100?" asks the priest.

"I'll throw in this photo of you as well," says the bloke. The priest hurriedly pays the man the money and takes the dog and photo inside. He decides to go down to his local and offers the dog for sale for £100. The people in the pub just laugh at him.

"£100 for that mangy looking excuse for a dog. You must be joking," says one of the men in the bar.

"Where did you get it from?" asks another.

"I bought it off a man for £100," says the priest.

"Well, he must have seen you coming," said the man.

***

FEMALE TO Doctor: "Everybody takes advantage of me."

Doctor to Female: "Relax dear, or I'll never come."

***

BLOKE IS asked if he would like a ticket for The Chief Constable's Ball. He declines saying that he doesn't like dances. "It's not a dance," says the ticket seller, "it's a raffle."

***

MAN AND his fiancée go into a jeweller's shop to purchase their wedding ring, and an assistant calls out to the bloke: "Are you getting yours, sir?"

"Yes," he replies, "but she wants to make it legal."

***

OLD HARRY Potter had just died and the worthies of his club were talking about Harry, and of his enormous knob. His wife telephones the club to tell them that Harry had left them anything they wished of his as a memento. They decide that they should get his penis and have it stuffed and hung on the wall.

One of the chaps goes down to the mortuary and has it removed. He wraps it in a handkerchief, takes it home and puts it in one of his drawers and forgets about it. A couple of weeks later he hears his wife screaming from his room, and discovers that she had come across the penis.

"You rotten swine," says the wife, "you never told me Harry Potter was dead."

***

MY WIFE is so ugly that in our house the mice jump up on the chairs.

***

MAN AND his wife at their wedding reception with all the guests, when the wife's mother whispers to them that they should leave and get to bed, which the couple do. In the bedroom the husband takes off his clothes and the wife is shocked to see that he only has half a left foot. She runs down to her mother and says to her, "Mum, he's only got a foot and a half. I don't know if I can go to bed with him."

"Look dear," says mother, "if he's got a foot and a half then you stay down here and I'll go to bed with him."

***

BIG LUCY: "In my next reincarnation, I'd like to come back to earth as the Sahara oil pipeline."

Easy Lisa: "Why's that?"

"I read the other day that it was laid by 3,000 men in 160 days."

***

ON ARRIVING at his unit a soldier was surprised when the C.O. said, "Don't ever call me sir. Call me mate. Call all the officers in this unit mate."

"What do you call your privates then?" asked the soldier.

"Bollocks," replied the C.O. "What do you call yours?"

***

PROSTITUTE TALKING to her friend tells her that she was lifted by the fuzz last night. "Gosh, dearie," she says, "that must have brought tears to your eyes."

***

TOMMY WAS hopeless at geography, so his teacher told him to write something about Timbuctoo and then read it aloud to the rest of the class. Eventually he finished writing, stood up and recited,

"Tim and I a'camping went and took three girls back to our tent. Tim and I knew what to do. I bucked one and Timbuctoo."

***

CHAP IN a lift bumps his elbow into a rather buxom girl and he says to her, "I'm sure that if your heart is as soft as your breast, you'll find room to forgive me."

"If you have anything else as hard as your elbow, you'll find me in room 504," says the girl.

***

CHAP IN the hotel room with a prostitute discussing her charges. "Yes, love, it's £20 on the bed or £5 on the floor," says the girl.

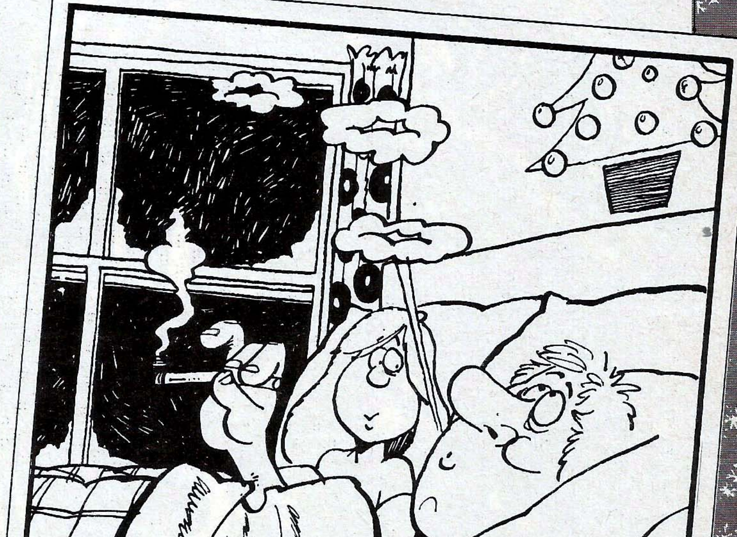
"That's fine," says the bloke, handing her £20. The girl undresses and climbs into bed. "Ah, ah," says the bloke, pointing to the carpet, "four times on the floor."

***

WHY IS sex like a bank deposit account? As soon as you withdraw, you lose interest.

***

REPORTS THAT sprinters indulge in too much sex were hotly denied by sprinter Wilbur Wilko. He went on to win the hundred metres hurdles in a time of two hours thirty seven minutes.



BLOKE LYING in bed with his mistress after having sex smoking a cigarette. "If only my wife could see me," he says, "she thinks I've stopped smoking."

Illustration by Phil Littler.

Only a few realized, when Dickens' *A Christmas Carol* was published in 1843, that it was merely a cleaned-up version of a tale Dickens had published ten years earlier, when desperately short of money, in a magazine called *The Jade Gate*. *Eve Devereux* is one of the few people lucky enough to own that particular issue of *The Jade Gate*! Thanks to her never-ceasing search for porn of the past, we're able to bring you selections from

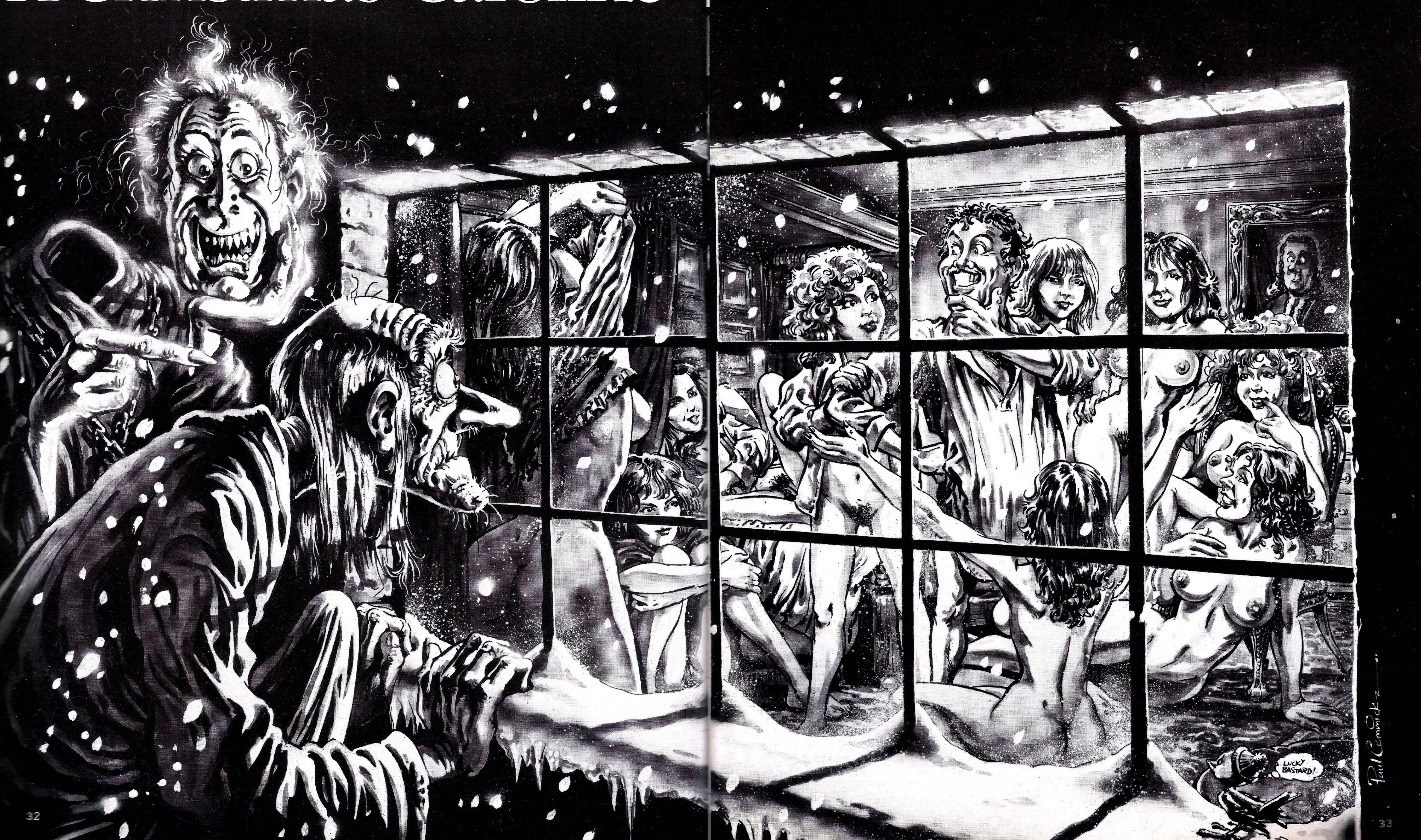
A Christmas Caroline

CAROLINE'S GHOST

...but nowhere did the snow and the cold stretch out their icy fingers more assiduously than in the accounts department of Scrooge and Marley Marital Aids Emporia Ltd.

The old man — Ebenezer Scrooge — was perched high on a stool, peering with fading eyes at a new dildo — of — oh! what sophistication - a new dildo, I say, which vibrated as if all of its own accord thanks to the presence within its hollow shaft of a pair of mating Mexican jumping-beans. His avaricious countenance cracked into a chilling rendering of a smile: this device would be the making of his fourteenth fortune, once it was launched throughout the length and breadth of the land in the months to come. Already he could hear the gold sovereigns clinking cheerily into his unnumbered Swiss bank account; hear the screams of the manufacturers' children as they were herded into the debtors' prison, victims of the swindling — no, 'swindling' is too harsh a word: financial manoeuvring — of old Ebenezer Scrooge himself.

There was a commotion; a scrabbling; a coughing; a surreptitious farting; and finally a thundrous knocking — all these at his office door, and then around the door appeared the ruddy countenance of Scrooge's jolly nephew Fred. "Ho, there,



Uncle," said this personage; "And a Merry Christmas to you!"

"Get your ruddy countenance out of here!" snapped the old miser.

"But, Uncle," the nephew cried, "this is the season of Good Cheer, and I have but come here to wish you a good measure of it all, and to ask you, on the morrow, to attend our jolly festive junketings. I have a whole bevy of beauteous street-ladies laid on for us to partake of."

"At my age?" snarled Scrooge, "Don't be silly — I might pull a muscle."

"No need," said Fred. "These girls'll pull it for you!"

"Bog off," said Scrooge …

And so Fred does bog off; but as he goes he wishes his nasty uncle a good Christmas. This is because Fred is very silly.

Scrooge followed him through to the outer office, where his clerk, poor old Bob Scratchit, was trying piteously to keep himself warm with a reject inflatable rubber doll.

"Slacking on the job!" shrilled Scrooge.

"No, Sir," gasped Scratchit, and indeed his movements became ever quicker and more industrious.

"I suppose you feel," said Scrooge, as the doll finally burst and collapsed beneath his still-quivering clerk, "that since tomorrow is Christmas you are entitled to have the day off; and that day paid for out of *my* pocket; and paid for right well, I might add."

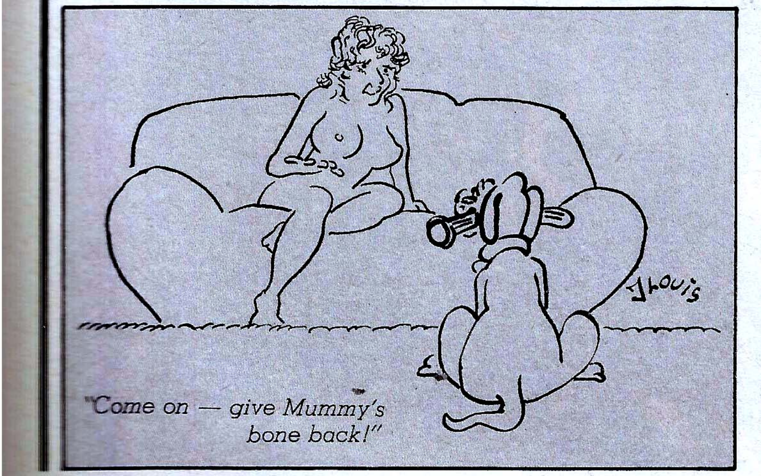
"Yes, Sir. Oh, yes, please, Sir," gulped Scratchit.

"But there are three minutes left until we must close up shop for this ridiculous holiday!" spat Scrooge. "Return to your desk and calculate my profits for the bygone year!"

And so Bob Scratchit does. He goes home, at the end of the three minutes; finally Scrooge realizes that there's nothing to be gained by hanging about longer. The miser returns home to find that the knocker on his door has been replaced by … well … a knocker:

A fancy! thought his febrile mind, all awhirl. 'Tis but the moonlight deceiving my eyes! But then he reached out his withered hand and felt the leathery texture he remembered so vividly; the gristly nipple surmounted by the tuft of horsey hair; the wrinkled dug of yesteryear.

But this was impossible! Over a decade ago had it been since Caroline Marley — so exquisitely transvestite that throughout the City of London she was known as "Jacob"– so long ago had she been lowered into her final bed, that couch whence none return! Scrooge linked and shook his head. Ay, many a long year ago he might have countenanced the notion that Caroline, newted on some barbaric Armenian brew, might have played the first prank of her long and japeless life; might have cut a hole in the door and extended through it into the cruel night her left bosom, as a promise, perhaps, of a Merry Christmas in store for him, Scrooge. But — and here his mind jolted — unless perhaps some wickedly fun-loving grave-robber was at work, this could not be, must not be, what his eyes declared it to be, what his fingers swore it was …



"Come on — give Mummy's bone back!"

Scrooge fondles the knocker for a while, reminiscing, but then it fades into a normal door-banger. He goes in through the door and, after a supper of gruel, goes to bed. He's just about to doze off when the ghost of Caroline appears …

"Listen well," it said, "for I may not long tarry with you. Three times the chimes of midnight will sound to you this night, and three times thou shalt be visited. Hark well to teach you; for only thus shalt thou escape this long torment of annihilation which I, your quondam partner, must needs endure."

But somehow, after all this, Scrooge gets to sleep. And then he awakens for …

THE GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST

The ghost takes the old miser for a long, long flight across the rooftops of London. Eventually, in the suburbs (probably Berrylands), they come to ground outside a lighted window …

… within, he saw a young man clad in shirt-tails, woollen socks and little else; this youth was standing centrally upon the shaggy carpet, proudly flexing his arms and legs, watched in admiration open-mouthed by the plump comely lass who lay spreadeagled on the crumpled sheets. All her charms were bare to Scrooge's view: the rounded breasts, pert and skyward-staring; the voluptuous thighs of youthful maidenhood, stretched apart and shivering convulsively; and even, as he squinted, the moistened gateways of the grotto of all fleshly pleasures. Cold and windswept as he was, old Ebenezer felt a groinly twitch.

"Who are these folk?" he whispered, but his fell guide gestured him to silence. Indeed, as Scrooge now clearly saw, the boy's member hung like a fresh-caught mackerel, limp and lifeless — nay, less a mackerel than a sprat. "Oh, Jessica," said the youth; "forgive me if you can."

The maiden let a virgin tear slip silently from her eye and run secretly down to nestle in her ear. "Ebenezer," she breathed, "let me try one more time."

Scrooge hardly heard these words, for he knew all too clearly now the impotent youth! Yes, it was none other than his younger self! And there upon the bed lay Jessica, his childhood love, who had in later years gone on to marry an afghan hound. He recalled — oh, all too clearly now! — the Christmas Eve when he and she had sworn to lose their maidenheads together. But what had come of it? Try as he would, his old mind could not push aside the dusty curtains of the intervening years. He vaguely felt … he could half-recall her licking his member from root to head … But then his mind was drawn back to the scene within.

"Thirty shillings and sevenpence," said the tearful lass.

And all at once a strident "whoinggg" filled the air for yards around. Straight and erect stood the young man's weapon; and a doughty weapon now it proved to be. Full eighteen inches long and broad to match, it quivered, ready for the fray. The lad turned to the maid and cried, "Well done!" and all at once they fell together.

Scrooge dug his fingernails into the window-frame, eager to see all the fleshy scenes that would transpire; but reckoned without the arcane powers of the Ghost of Christmas Past. The old miser, eyes popping lasciviously from his shrunken skull, was dragged remorselessly from that place, and once again they flew across that featureless waste. On and on, and ever on …

And they stop outside the window of the home of Fred, the miser's eternally jolly nephew. There they find Fred is servicing — in practice for the morrow — no less than seven ladies of dubious reputation.

Once more old Ebenezer felt a half-forgotten glow about his loins as his member threatened to surge into semi-rigidity; instinctively his hands sought it out and squeezed; much more of this and he might find it bold, erect, and thrusting for the first time in all of the long years since his partner, Caroline, had shuffled off this mortal IUD. But it was not to be; impatiently the spirit seized him by the arm and drew him inexorably across the sky to where a galaxy of windows shone; and Scrooge knew that these were the lights of early morning London … and his heart sank as he saw that, alone among those myriad houses, there was one whose shades were drawn and whose windows were dark. It was to this house, as he had half-expected, that the Ghost of Christmas Past flew him; for, reader, the house was Scrooge's own.

THE GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT

The bells of midnight chimed in Scrooge's ears as he awoke. His eyes were sore with sleep and his bladder was bursting; and yet he remembered all too well the things that this night had already shown to him.

Sure enough, as Scrooge opens his eyes, he finds a ghost …

This was no grim and grave-scented vision; this spirit held not its head in its hand, as if it were a spectral Francis Drake. Instead, this spectre was for all the world like a large cardboard box, wrapped around with coloured paper, pretty ribbons and bright tinsel; from below, protruded two stout legs.

"Ho, there!" said the spirit. "You're Scroogie."

"That is I," said the miser, his nervous hand feeling beneath the bed for his chamberpot. "If you'll excuse me just a moment …"

But the spirit seemed to hear him not. "I am the ghost of a Christmas present," it said. "Oh, turds! I got that wrong. I am the Ghost of Christmas Present. I have come to take you with me …"

Once again Scrooge is flown across London. The two land in the snow outside a certain house, and Scrooge is told by the ghost to look into the window in front of them …

Obediently, Scrooge bent down and peered within the glowing window, but all that he could see was a plump kitchen-wench picking her blackhead-strewn nose. He did his best to learn a whit from this wholesome vision; but all seemed strange and unexplained until once more the voice of Christmas Present spoke within his inner ear. "Oh, turds!" it said; "I got it wrong again. That window over yonder, upon the far side of the street: that is the one through which I urge you see what will be seen!"

And as if by magic, with no notion of the passing time, Scrooge was bending low outside the appointed frame. At first he thought that he was once again a-spying on his nephew Fred, for everywhere his senile eyeballs turned there was a great expanse of female flesh. There were plump bodies and slim bodies and lots of in-between bodies, but all of them were fair. In the midst of all this pulchritude stood some skinny boys whom Scrooge knew full well were none other than the wan withered sons of his employee Scratchit — from big to small and last of all to Tiny Willy. Yet even *he* — yes, he whose member was oft hired out to low felons of the night for use in picking locks — yea, reader, I say that even he was standing proudly behind his diminutive member, his little ratlike eyes flickering from quim to eager quim, searching out where next his tiny bird might find its nest.

"Where is our good old papa?" asked Big Bob, yanking a willing wench upon himself. Her plump and juicy buttocks squirmed jauntily about his thighs.

"He is with our dear Mama," piped Tiny Willy. "They are in the kitchen."

"Fucking?" asked Long John with a cheery laugh stolen from Fred.

"No," said Tiny Willy. "The last time I poked my head around the door," he giggled, "Mama was stirring at the Christmas pudding and Papa was proudly stuffing the goose."

Intercourse with a goose was uncommon in Victorian times. Nonetheless, Scrooge stayed to watch the orgy:

He became aware that he was a man. Not yet for him the haughty proud erection that once upon a time the jingling clink of even two halfpennies would have brought; yet his antique member had reasserted its long-lost manliness, and, having hauled itself to half-mast, jutted out below his night-gown, oblivious to all the flakes of snow that landed on its shaft.

"It is time for us to go," said the Ghost of Christmas Present. And Scrooge had no time for thought, for soon they were above the louring clouds of Christmas Morn; and sooner still they found themselves a-heading back to Scrooge's meagre home. In through the window they circled, and then once more — "Oh turds!" — and out they came and in through another. Into a room as meanly furnished as any beggar's hovel they swooped, and there upon the bed could Scrooge espy the shrivelled, shrunken old figure of a doomed and lonely man. And a tear ran down his long nose and dropped unnoticed to the floor, for he knew the sleeping form could be none other than himself.

THE GHOST OF CHRISTMAS YET TO COME

When Scrooge next awoke it was to the sight of — apparently — a sumptuous young woman. Yet she was all huddled up within her robe. Was she randy or not? Scrooge wondered. His knees quaked.

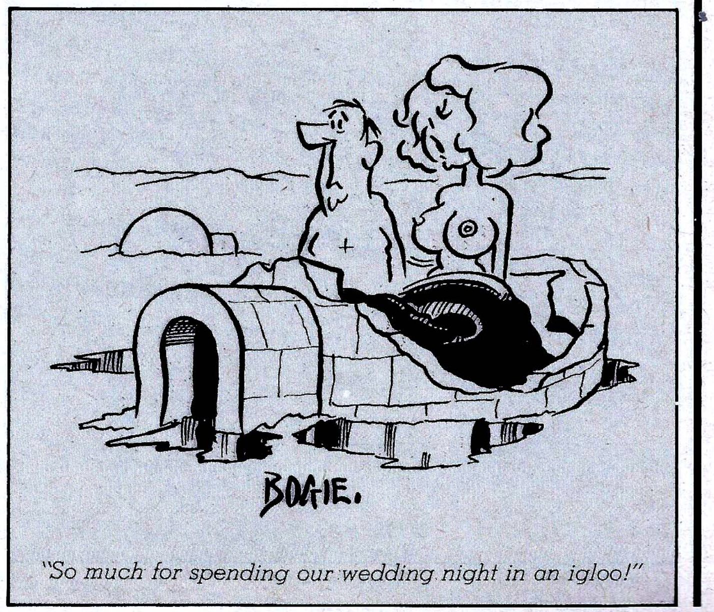
Yes, reader, and right they were; for very soon there came a dulcet tone, like that of any virgin in the soft and succulent spring when maidenheads must bid farewell; and it said: "Scrooge, I am the Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come."

As with the earlier spirits, she flew him across London

They settled down outside the house which Scrooge knew, from earlier, was Fred's. Within, both he and the ghost could hear, the party was in full swing; there were hearty male belly-laughs, and drunken female giggles; and over all the lusty slap of flesh on flesh, of balls on buttocks, of stomach on stomach …

Dickens continues this distasteful description for some while. Then:

The seven girls — he recognized them all! There — the one doing the most extraordinary things with the two soldiers — it was Little Dorrit! Beside her, hard at work on Fred, were Little Nell and her cousin, Eskimo. And was that not Dora Spenlow — sweet, empty-headed Dora? (Except that her head was not exactly empty now.) And beyond her, hanging from the chandelier, could that be Agnes Wickfield, her lithe young legs wrapped around the shoulders of a sturdy swain? While down below young Estella showed that her glacial countenance disguised the hot and frothy heart of the true nymphomaniac. Over a corner, ignored by all, sad, forlorn and piteous, sagged upon a chair the form of Sarah Gamp; and Sarah was saying to



"So much for spending our wedding night in an igloo!"

herself: "Oh, that Scrooge were here! Dear, darling Ebenezer — oh, how I'd like to feel him pounding inside me now ...!"

Poor old Scrooge! He suddenly realizes how attractive a woman Sarah Gamp is. It's not so much that she's physically alluring, more that she has the hots for him. Just as he begins to feel that he's left impotence behind forever, the Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come drags him off. He is shown the vista within the kitchen window of the house of his clerk, Bob Scratchit. Scratchit sweeps from the table the fragments of the goose which he has stuffed beyond recognition, and puts in their place a lusty wench ...

Scrooge gaped. His thin and corpselike clerk — who could have guessed he was equipped like this? But his gaze was allowed a moment only to admire, for soon Bob Scratchit's mighty member was lost to view ...

Sitting by the oven was Mrs Scratchit, whom Scrooge now saw with eyes all brand and spanking new. She had removed her dress in all the kitchen's heat, and watched her husband as he dallied with the wench. Scrooge could hear the silent words her cracked lips were shaping: "Oooo, I wish that Ebenezer Scrooge were here! Bob — well, Bob tries so hard, and he's hung like a stallion, but ... he's so *unsubtle*. Oh, I'm sure that that nice Mr Scrooge would give me the time of my life, and hold me gently, and whisper sweet nothings in my ear ..."

And at these words Scrooge's member, on which lay the accidental hand of the the Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come grew so hot and hard that the spirit withdrew its hand with a yelp and pressed its fingers to the snow, whence steam arose ...

And then the spirit, despite its burnt hand, drags Scrooge back to the cul de sac in which he lives ...

His gaze was drawn away; for who should come, all jaunty, into the cul de sac but Bill, the cheery postman, a fixed and alcoholic grin slung across his face. "Yum te pooh," he sang to himself. "It must be a fine Christmas: there's even a card or two for that tight old bastard Scrooge. Some fat hope of getting a festive tip out of that bumswipe! Still, it's the — hic — Season of Good Will, so I suppose I'd better not pee through his letterbox. Yum te pooh." And he was off.

Scrooge seized the envelopes from where they lay and, his ancient heart full of unaccustomed song, ran up the stairs. He turned to open up his spoils.

EBENEZER SCROOGE ... Misery Lane ... London WC ...

Scrooge tore it open — but it was not a card: it was a letter from the Inland Revenue. His heart sank into his boots. (Or would have done, had he been wearing any. As it was, it came straight out through the soles of his feet, bounced around the floor desultorily, then hopped off into a corner to mope.)

And what was this? The gas bill. And *this*? The telephone bill. (No matter that the telephone had yet to be invented: Telecom sent in the bills regardless.)

Were these the only three who'd thought of him on Christmas Eve? He turned, tears blurring his vision, to gaze upon the Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come. "Tell me," he wailed, "will this come to pass?"

"Yes," said the spirit, "all this *will* come to pass, unless you do what must be done to change it." And with that it threw back its hood and showed Scrooge, not the fair face he had come to expect, but a gleaming, grinning skull. And with that it was gone ...

HOW IT ALL WENT IN

Scrooge awoke and his room was filled with daylight: it was nine o'clock of a Christmas morning.

He sprang to the window, and saw beneath an urchin loitering.

"Boy!" he cried. "Come here!"

The lad approached reluctantly, for he knew well the old man's reputation. What had *he* done to deserve a cuff or a curse, the only gift that Scrooge ever gave upon a Christmas Day? But this was not the Scrooge he knew of yore: the old man was hanging over the window ledge, cackling and chuckling like someone fresh from Bedlam.

"Here, boy," said the miser, "take this £5 note and hie you down to the butcher, and with it buy the biggest turkey hanging there, and take it to Bob Scratchit's home. Here's the address to take it to." He scribbled on a piece of paper and threw it down with the money. The urchin caught them both neatly, and ran off into the light of Christmas Morn, never to be seen again.

But what cared Scrooge? It was Christmas Day!

In no time he found himself outside his nephew Fred's house, and ratatatat went the knocker. Less than a half hour later the door opened, and there stood Fred, his ruddy countenance for once blanched, as he screwed up his eyes against the morning glare. "Oh, *you*," he said, all trace of jollity gone. "Sorry, Uncle, the party's off. 'Scuse: I had a few too many last night." And he puked courteously onto the doorstep, spattering Scrooge's feet.

But what cared Scrooge? It was Christmas Day!

He took himself off to Bob Scratchit's house, thinking for only a fleeting moment of the charms of Sarah Gamp. Mrs Scratchit — now *there* was a finer fuck than Sarah could ever hope to be! It seemed only moments later that he was standing before the door of the Scratchit's home, knocking with his bony knuckles on the thin wood. It was Mrs Scratchit herself who came to the door, and Scrooge, all glowing with goodwill, told her what he had seen and why he had come — and she, with a cackle of mirth, kicked him in the groin and called him a dirty old man for suggesting such things. As soon as he could stand up straight, the old miser made for home again, his blood singing with merriment.

The urchin, Fred, Mrs Scratchit ... What cared Scrooge? It was Christmas Day!

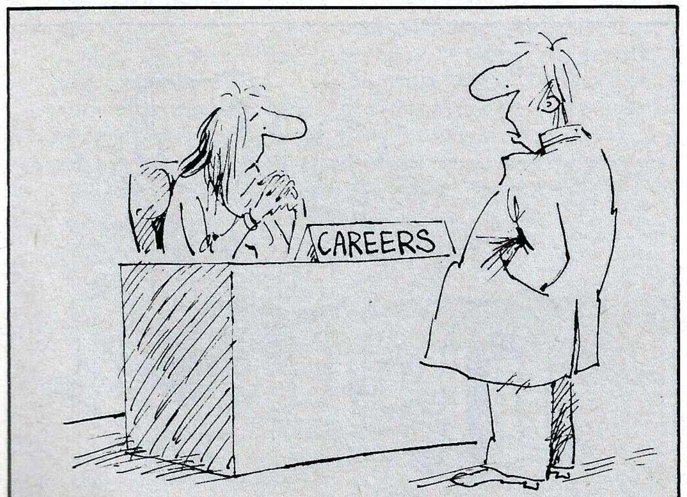
On second thoughts, and he drew himself up short, he cared quite a lot. Absentmindedly he kicked a passing cat in the belly; and then he stalked the rest of the way home with a scowl on his face and murder in his heart. And on the morrow he fired Scratchit and disinherited his nephew.

But Dickens supplied another, and better, ending:

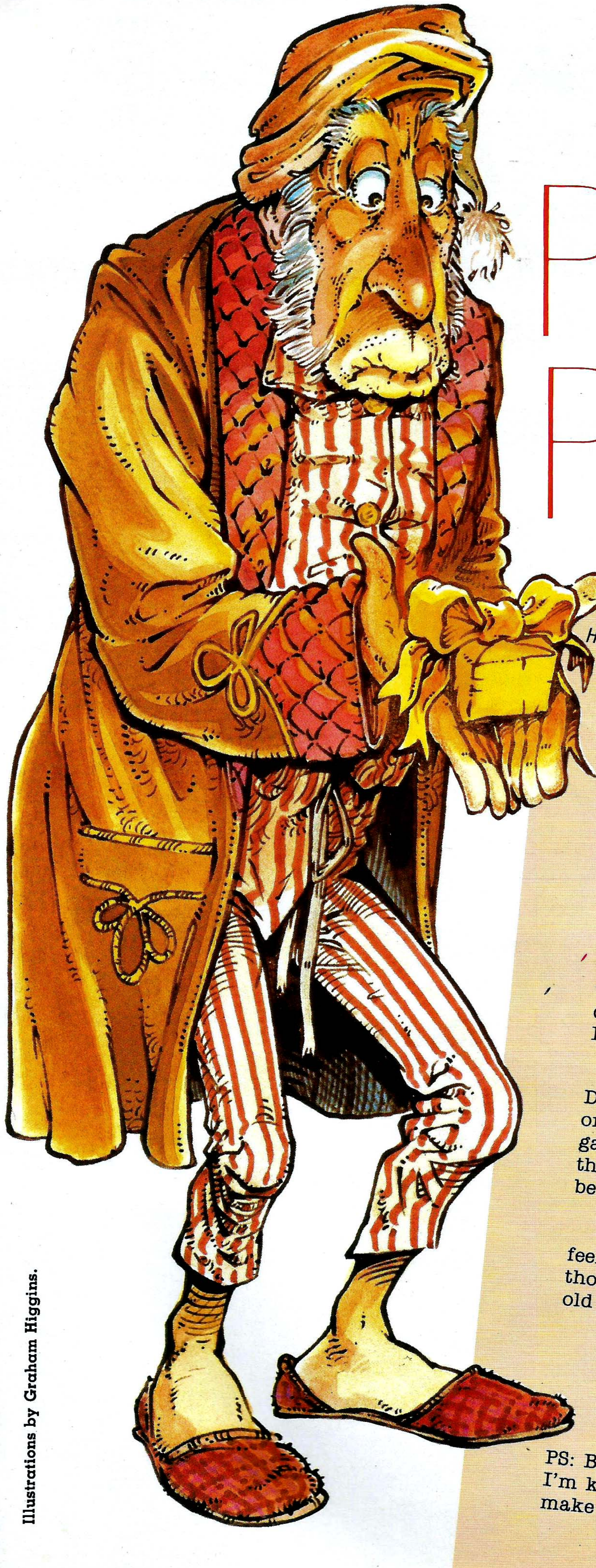
When Scrooge got to the home of his nephew Fred, he was invited in with many a jolly cry, and soon enough he was enjoying the pleasure of the flesh with all comers (as it were), finishing off with a most ingenious triple-somersaulting swive which none of the party-goers, save the participants, Sarah Gamp and Scrooge himself, had ever even heard of before. From there, it was but a short stagger to the home of Bob Scratchit, where Mrs Scratchit more than lived up to expectations; and where Scrooge was so enlivened by the rediscovery of his lost virility that he soon left her exhausted to wallow in the other room among the many harlots there.

Let us leave him, then, curled up in a corner fast asleep, grinning from ear to ear like the cat that ate the cream, with the awestruck words of Tiny Willy:

"Gor Blimey! Every one!"



"I'd like a blow job!"



Illustrations by Graham Higgins.

THE PERFECT PRESENT

Hotel Erotica, 1141 Sewer Drive, Hollywood, California, CA 90068, U

Reginald Wimplethorpe QC,
'The Grange',
Little Wittering,
Suffolk

December 2nd '83

Dearest Nunkie,

Yes, amazingly enough, this is a letter from your long lost 'favourite' nephew Nigel — ha ha! Now I know we never really got on all that well, what with you disapproving of my tinkering in the workshop instead of reading for the bar, and cutting me off without a penny and all that — but I've 'come good' (as they say over here!).

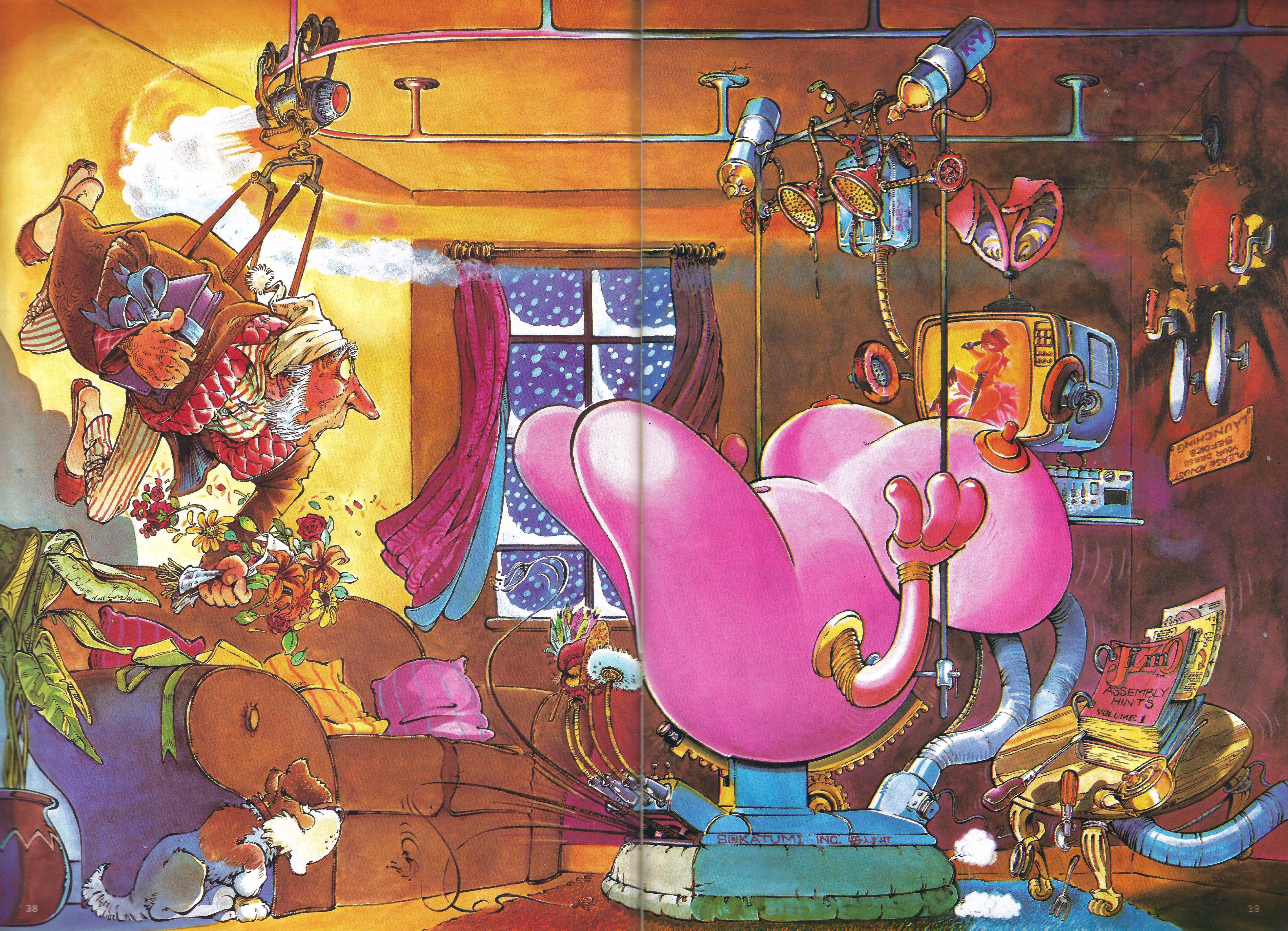
I've landed a job as head of Research and Development for Sexpert Promotions Inc., a big mail order company specialising in erotic toys and games. They are delighted with my latest invention, the Jizmo Giant Auto Erotikit, and I think you will be as well — but be careful how you open it!

Mumsie said in her last letter that you were feeling a bit lonely since the donkey died, so I thought this might cheer you up a bit over the jolly old Crimble hols. Have a nice day . . .

Your loving nephew,

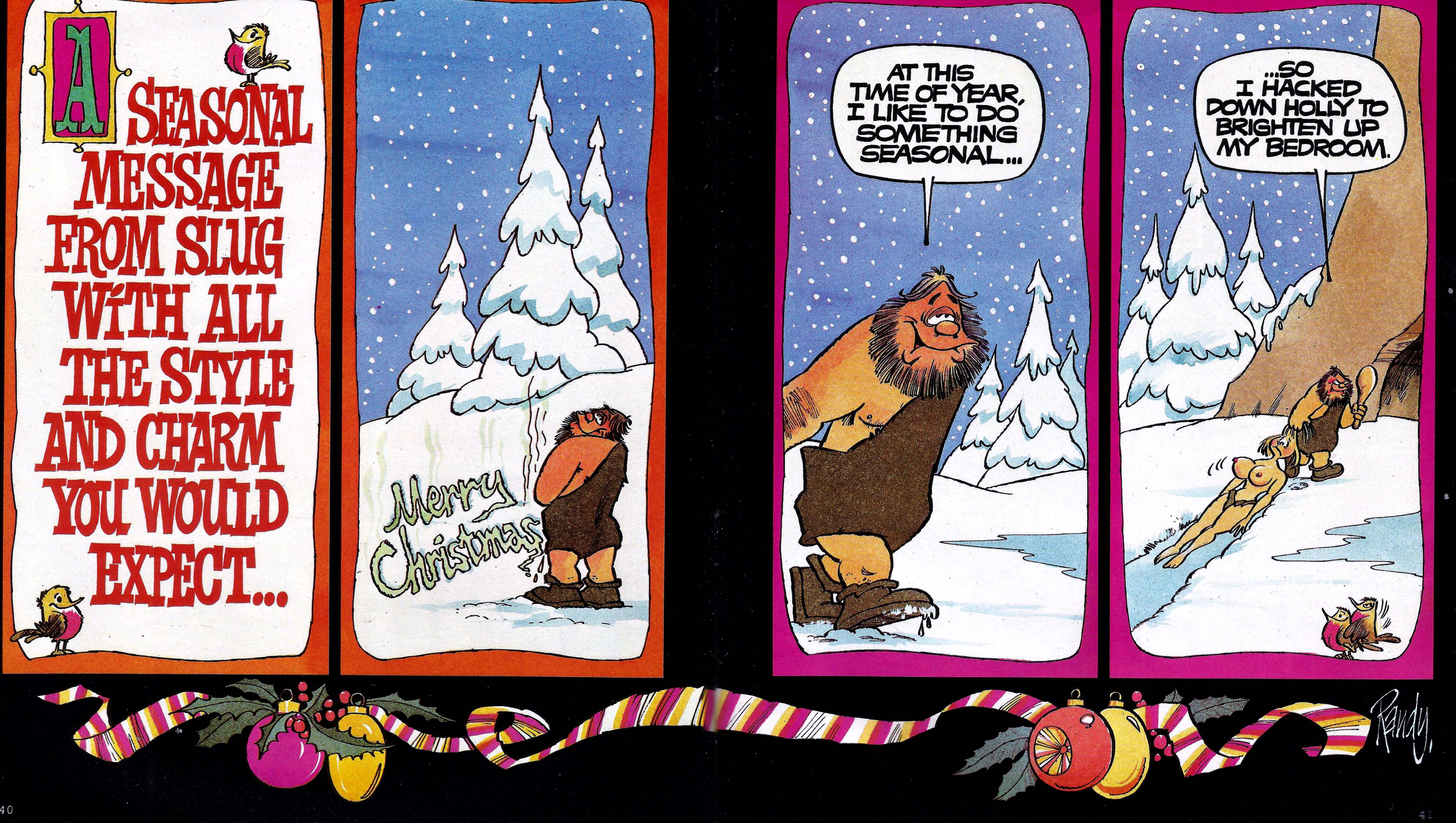
Nigel Wimplethorpe

PS: By the way, I've changed my name. Over here I'm known as Adam Steel — perhaps you'd like to make a note of it in your will or something.

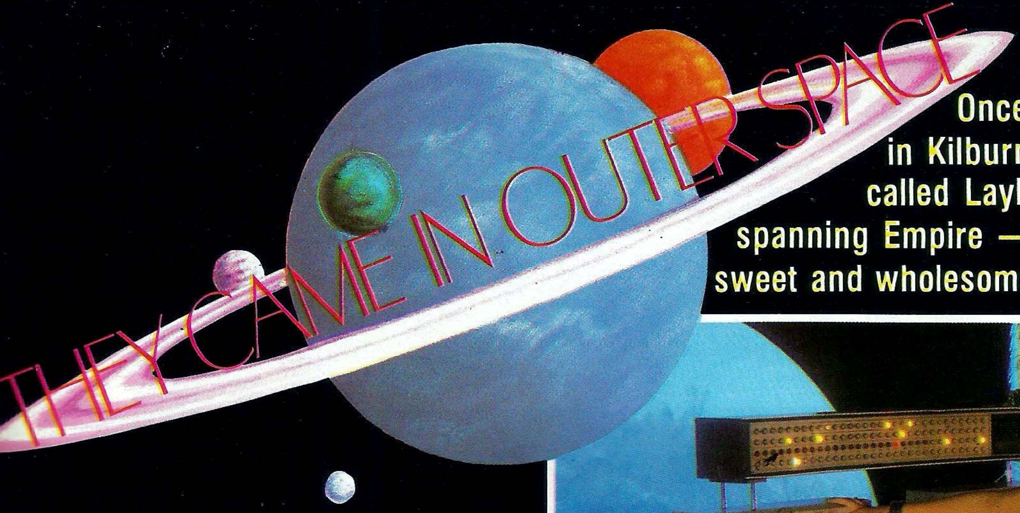

K-Y
BABY
PLEASE ADJUST YOUR DRESS BEFORE LAUNCHING
Jizm T.M.
ASSEMBLY HINTS
VOLUME 1
SOKATUMI INC.

SLUGMAS CARD

FOLD A PIECE OF CARD, CUT OUT THE ILLUSTRATIONS AND PASTE THEM ON THE FRONT AND INSIDE.

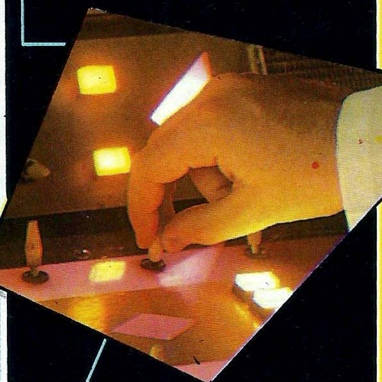

A SEASONAL MESSAGE FROM SLUG WITH ALL THE STYLE AND CHARM YOU WOULD EXPECT...
Merry Christmas
AT THIS TIME OF YEAR, I LIKE TO DO SOMETHING SEASONAL...
...SO I HACKED DOWN HOLLY TO BRIGHTEN UP MY BEDROOM.
Randy.

THEY CAME IN OUTER SPACE



Once upon a time, in a distant Galaxy in Kilburn, there lived a beautiful Princess called Layla. She was the heiress to a star-spanning Empire — and a young lady of sickeningly sweet and wholesome character.

One day this prissy Princess is sitting at the controls of her space ship, being attended by her faithful Androids, RU18 and UR6E, while her pet mad scientist, Professor Brian Damage, tinkers with the controls.



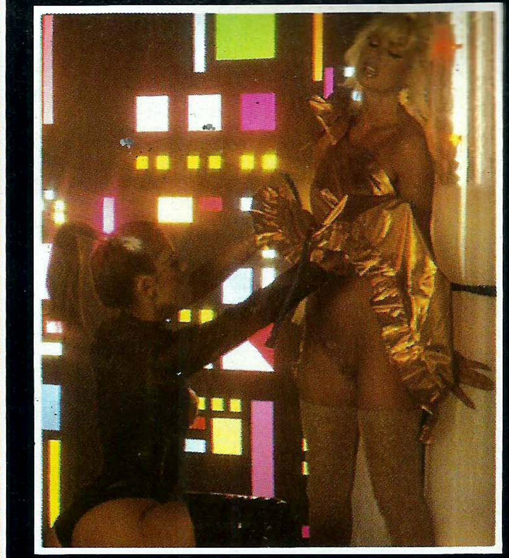
He is reprogramming the washing machine to give a medium hot wash with double rinse and spin dry so, when the doorbell rings, he absentmindedly flicks the air lock release switch . . .

Suddenly, in burst the infamous space pirate, Doctor Mortuus, and his evil henchperson, Cynthia Strange.

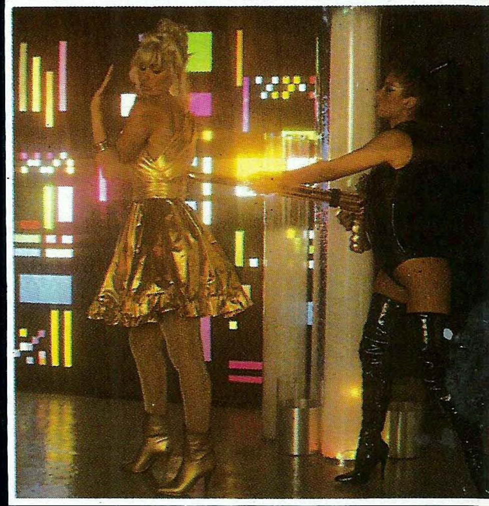
In a trice the Professor is overpowered and the Androids turned off at the mains.

But the Princess faces an even worse fate — at the point of a humming vibrogun . . .

She is tied to perspex tubes and horribly tortured with smoke and coloured lights!



''Where is the fabulous Empire Jewel?'' shrieks Cynthia strangely. ''I must have it!'' ''It's in my boudoir,'' whimpers poor Layla, ''and I'm not that sort of girl!''

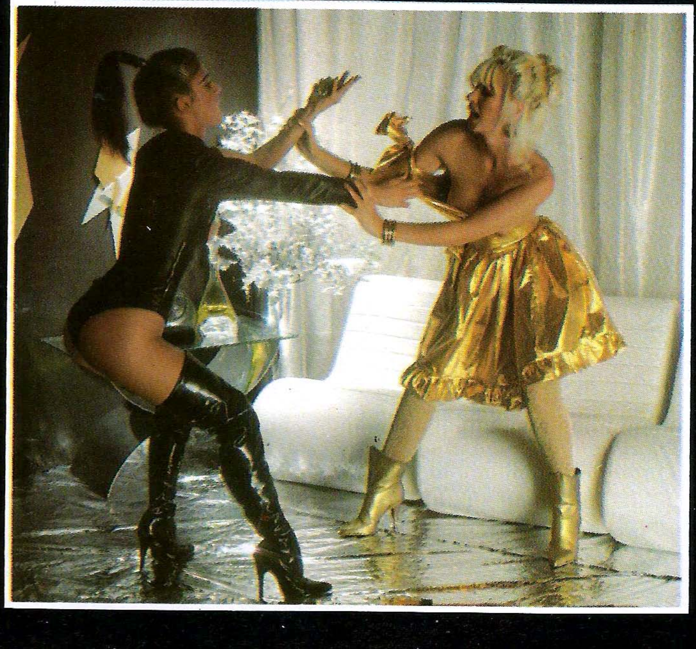


Alas! She is forced to lead her tormentor to her private apartments and show her her most prized possession.

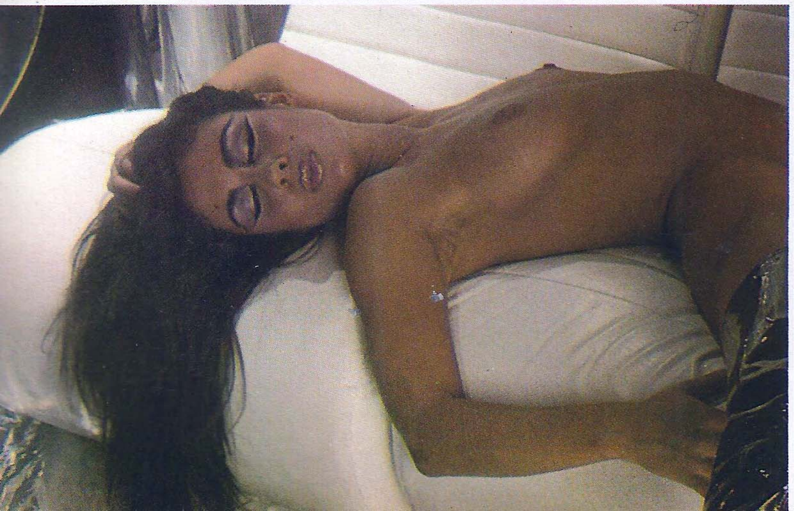
Meanwhile, the devilish Doctor is trying to steal the Professor's secret washing machine programme, so he can clean up and take a powder. Thus distracted, he fails to notice the daring don switching the Androids back on with his foot.

Imagine his dismay when he is crumped on the cranium by a tray! Consider his consternation when he is force fed foreign fags! Serves the rotter right!

Even meanerwhile, the luckless Layla has had to reveal her beautiful bauble which, unknown to her, is but half of the original fabulous and magical gem — and Cynthia has the other half! "Oh gosh," squeaks Layla. But even as she squeaks, Brian the Nuclear Nutter rushes to her rescue. Cynthia gives him a dose of bad vibes and he falls to the floor, but Layla seizes her chance and leaps to the attack. They struggle — who will prevail?



Neither, it seems, for when the jewels meet they fuse — as do the personalities of the two girls. Good and evil cancel out. Can this be love? Certainly looks like it, for after suitably intimate introductions have been effected, they decide to conquer the Universe together. And everyone (except the dastardly Doctor) lives happily ever after. Isn't that nice!



Marie & Stephanie

and A Merry Christmas to you all.

THE CAST

Princess Layla	Marie
Cynthia Strange	Stephanie
Professor Brian Damage	Rupert
RU18	Tony
UR6E	Jenny
Doctor Mortuus	Ian
Photography	K.K.Jones
Sets	Henry and Tony
Costumes	Elise
Make-Up	Dean

Marie's dress by *Callaghan & Myers*
01-381 4990

HYAPATIA LEE -PORNO'S RED HOT INDIAN.

There aren't too many American Indians in the porno business — or former 'Miss Nude Americas' either — so Hyapatia Lee stands out from the crowd on at least two counts. *Jim Dawson* met her, and her husband-and-manager, and asked the usual what's-a-nice-girl-like-you-doing-in-a-business-like-this questions. And got some unusual answers . . .

PORNO PRINCESS

Her name means 'Shining Star' in Cherokee, and her dark eyes do indeed shine with stellar brightness, especially when there's a tongue on her clit or a cock in her mouth. Three-quarters Cherokee Indian, Hyapatia may be the only Native American on the hardcore film scene today.

For the past four years, this 22-year-old beauty has worked as a stripper, driving all night from one club to the next and living in cheap motels. During that time she also won the Miss Nude Ohio, Miss Nude America and Miss Nude Galaxy titles. It seems only natural, then, that this finely-shaped exhibitionist would eventually find her way into movies.

Almost immediately she's become a star. Her first role was in support of Honey Wilder and Jamie Gillis in *Naughty Girls Need Love Too* (1983), but since then Hyapatia has topped the bill. Producer Gail Palmer (of *Erotic Adventures of Candy* fame) matched Hyapatia up with veteran director Bob Chinn (creator of the Johnny Wadd films) for four big movies, and two of them, *The Young Like It Hot* and *Sweet Young Foxes* are already out. Hyapatia has also made special appearances in most of the American men's magazines, including *Playboy* .

She showed up to talk to Knave with her husband, Bud Lee, who has been her manager for several years. Both were quick to point out that marriage hasn't locked Hyapatia away, and that seemed like a good place to start our conversation with this bright, outspoken young woman.

Knave: Do you have an open marriage?

Hyapatia: Oh, it's very open. Bud and I love threesomes. I get into ladies a lot, and I like to watch him going to bed with ladies. It's a turn-on for me to get down while he's fucking a girl and give them both head.

Knave: Marriage hasn't slowed you down?

Hyapatia: Nope. You know, my favourite position is in the doggy position, being fucked and sucking somebody off. That's pretty nice, especially if they both come at the same time. It makes you feel exited, good about yourself, that you got them both off together.

You see, Bud and I have been on the road for years now, three years anyway, almost four, so most of our sex has been in motels. Little motel rooms. And we always find some hot spot in the town we're in and pick somebody up. Usually a girl, because Bud and I can both make love with her. But sometimes a guy, too, if he hits it off with Bud and I like his body. If we didn't do that, being on the road would have driven us crazy long ago.

Knave: Seems like you're on the road less now, right?

Hyapatia: You'd think so, but no, we're still travelling. Only difference is, we're staying in better motels these days. Being in films hasn't slowed me down at all. If anything, I'm in greater demand now because a lot of strip clubs also show porn movies and they want a girl who can dance and also make appearances along with her movie. I'm real busy.

Knave: How do the two of you handle jealousy?

Hyapatia: Great. But it took us a while. We had a lot to work through. But Bud is very good with me. If ever I feel down or wonder if things aren't right between us because of what I do, Bud always tells me, "I'll love you when it's over. You're not a dirty slut." I think it helps that Bud is in both of my latest films and has sex with other girls.

Knave: What got you into the sex business to start with?

Hyapatia: I've always wanted to be an actress. When I was growing up in Cleveland I planned on going to acting school. But I didn't have the money. So after I graduated I went straight to New York and tried to get into a play, any play, purely on my high school thespian experience. I didn't do very well, though, so I turned to dancing in clubs. First it was in skimpy clothes, then topless, then bottomless. One day I suddenly realized that I was actually a stripper.

Knave: Were you enjoying it?

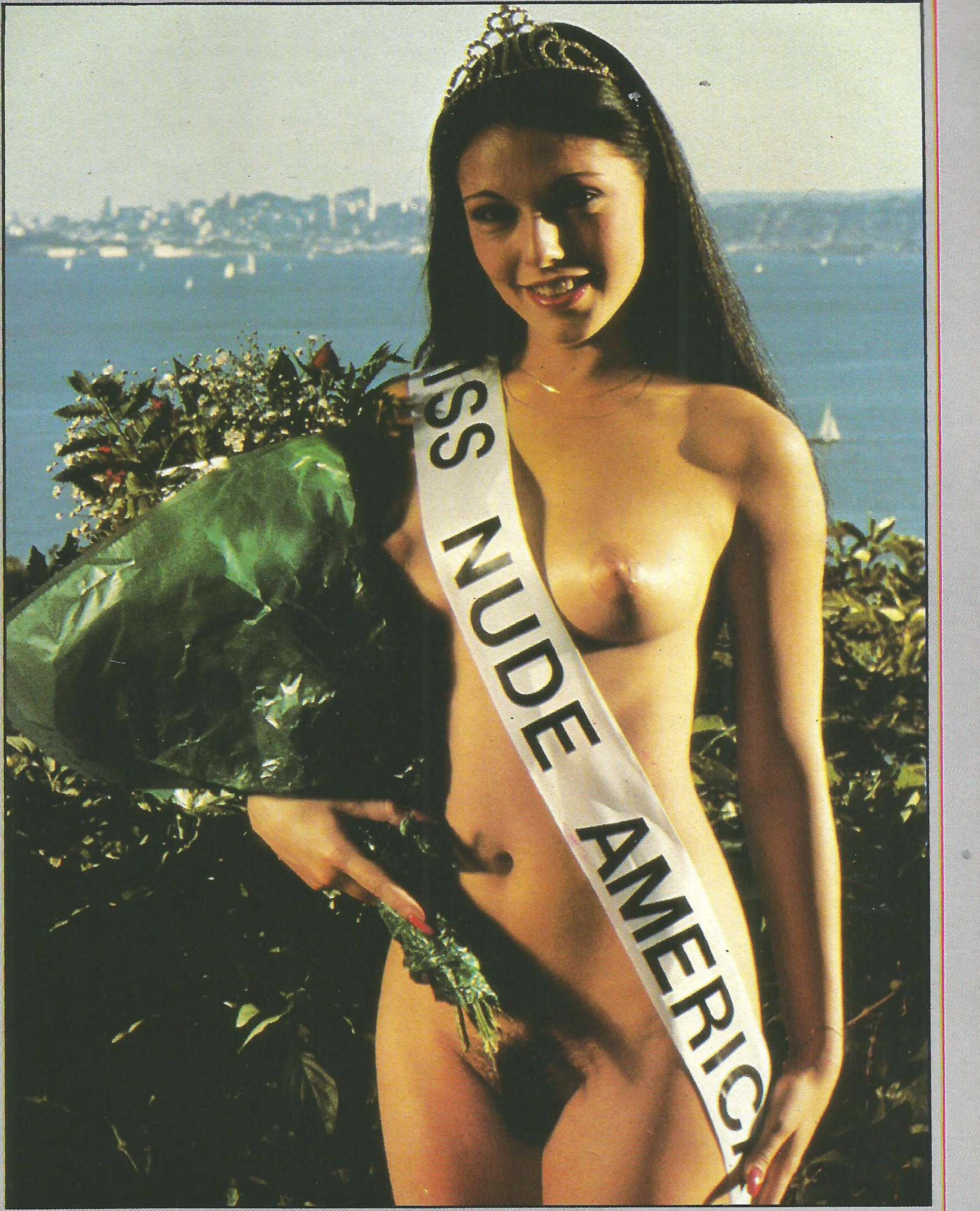
Hyapatia: Of course I was. Otherwise I wouldn't have done it. But there were some rough spots. After Bud started setting up engagements for me, we'd travel around the country, wherever they'd hire me. We spent a lot of time in the West playing these cowboy bars where the guys got rowdy and hooted and stomped on each other's cowboy hats. You didn't know what was gonna happen next. In some places I danced behind a chicken wire screen so that I wouldn't get hit with the flying beer bottles.

Knave: Yahoo!

Hyapatia: Yahoo is right. I'd have to sneak out the back door and Bud would be waiting there with the engine running. I mean, if I hadn't, I'd have been gang raped in some of those places. Especially the joint near the Indian reservations.

Knave: How's that?

Hyapatia: Well, those cowboys have a complete disregard for Indians. They're still fighting the Indian wars, still avenging General Custer. If I was a blue-eyed blonde they'd look at me one way, but with me being Indian they'd figure maybe they could do whatever they felt



Hyapatia Lee in several sultry scenes from *Sweet Young Foxes*, in which she is the main star, plus (top right) proof of that Miss Nude America award.

like. They'd yell 'squaw' at me. That was really the first time I became aware of my heritage.

Knave: Not many cowboys in Cleveland?

Hyapatia: Well, not many Indians! My mother was only half Cherokee, and she'd never really known much about prejudice against Indians. I never really knew my father, he died when I was three. When I was growing up in Cleveland, being Indian never seemed like a big deal, and when it was it was a positive thing. People were fascinated that I was a Cherokee. But culturally I was no more a Cherokee than you are. I never knew about the Trail of Tears until two years ago. So those attitudes in places like Oklahoma and Arizona really shocked me.

Knave: The Trail of Tears, wasn't that the march that the U.S. Government forced the Cherokee Nation to make from Georgia to the West?

Hyapatia: Yes, about a hundred years ago. Thousands of people, mostly old people and little children, died along the way. See, I never knew about that. I never felt any anger about that like other people with Indian blood.

Knave: Are you angry now?

Hyapatia: A little, but only at those people who still hate Indians. I'm not bitter at anyone, if that's what you mean.

Knave: Do you regret that your life has taken you away from your dream of being a straight actress?

Hyapatia: No I don't, and I'll tell you why. In the so-called legitimate business you do your fucking behind the stage. You go to bed with the producers. In this business you do it on the screen. It's all up-front. And I'm still acting, which is what I really wanted all along.

Knave: That edge in your voice suggest a certain experience.

Hyapatia: What with the straight producers? Well, it's true. When I went to New York every bastard producing a play wanted me to fuck him or suck his cock. I never had to put up with that since I started making porn films. I see it as a kind of choice: Do you go legit and fuck some fat son of a bitch with a cigar in his office, or do you get into porn and fuck some young, good looking stud?

Knave: Did you fuck any fat producers?

Hyapatia: Only once, and it soured me for life. He was this fat slob with a cheap cigar and suspenders. And he promised me a part if I'd suck his cock. Well, I wasn't quite 18 then, so what did I know? I sucked his cock all right? That was mostly what those guys wanted. Fucking was too hard on them. "Just suck my cock, it's easier on me!"

Knave: Did you get the part?

Hyapatia: Are you kidding? All I got was a sour-tasting wad of come down my throat.

Knave: You talk like a sailor.

Hyapatia: Does it turn you on?

Knave: Of course it does.

Hyapatia: That's something that Bud taught me early on when we started making films. He said, "Be raunchy, talk dirty. Don't beat around the bush. Don't say intercourse when you can say fuck."

Knave: Did Bud tell you to talk dirty to me?

Hyapatia: He just said to do whatever turned you on.

Knave: Hmmm, we'll get back to that. What turns *you* on, Hyapatia?

Hyapatia: Big tits. Just tits in general, mine and other ladies'. I'm more of a 'breast man' than Bud is. I enjoy sucking on another lady's tits if they're big. And even when they're small like mine. I really get into people playing with my tits, licking them or whatever. They're small but they're sensitive. I like to play with men's nipples. Suck on them. I like to be fucked while another lady is eating me or sucking my breasts.

Knave: Sounds like a catalogue of delights.

Hyapatia: I'm always up for a catalogue of delights. I don't like rape fantasies or scenes, and I'd never get into bestiality, but everything else I'm up for. Anything that feels good.

Knave: What turns you on most about making X-rated movies?

Hyapatia: Well, the camera turns me on a lot. But I get hotter when I look back on it or fantasize about it when I'm making love, especially to my husband, than when it happened. You were at the screening for *Sweet Young Foxes* a few weeks ago, weren't you?

Knave: Yes, I was up front.

Hyapatia: Well, I was in back with Bud and Cara Lott (who co-stars in the film), and we were entertaining each other while we watched ourselves up on the screen.

Knave: What happened, what did I miss?

Hyapatia: Oh, I lifted Cara's skirt and played with her, and Bud lifted mine. During that scene when I was sucking Cap Lincoln's cock? Well, I went down on Bud, leaning over the seat, and Cara was down between my legs licking me.

Knave: C'mon, you're teasing me.

Hyapatia: No I'm not. We were having our own party back there. That's what sex on the screen means to me. It's a turn-on. It turns me on because I'm watching myself have sex and because I can remember actually doing it on the set, so it's kind of a double-edged sort of thing.

Knave: Do you like sucking cocks?

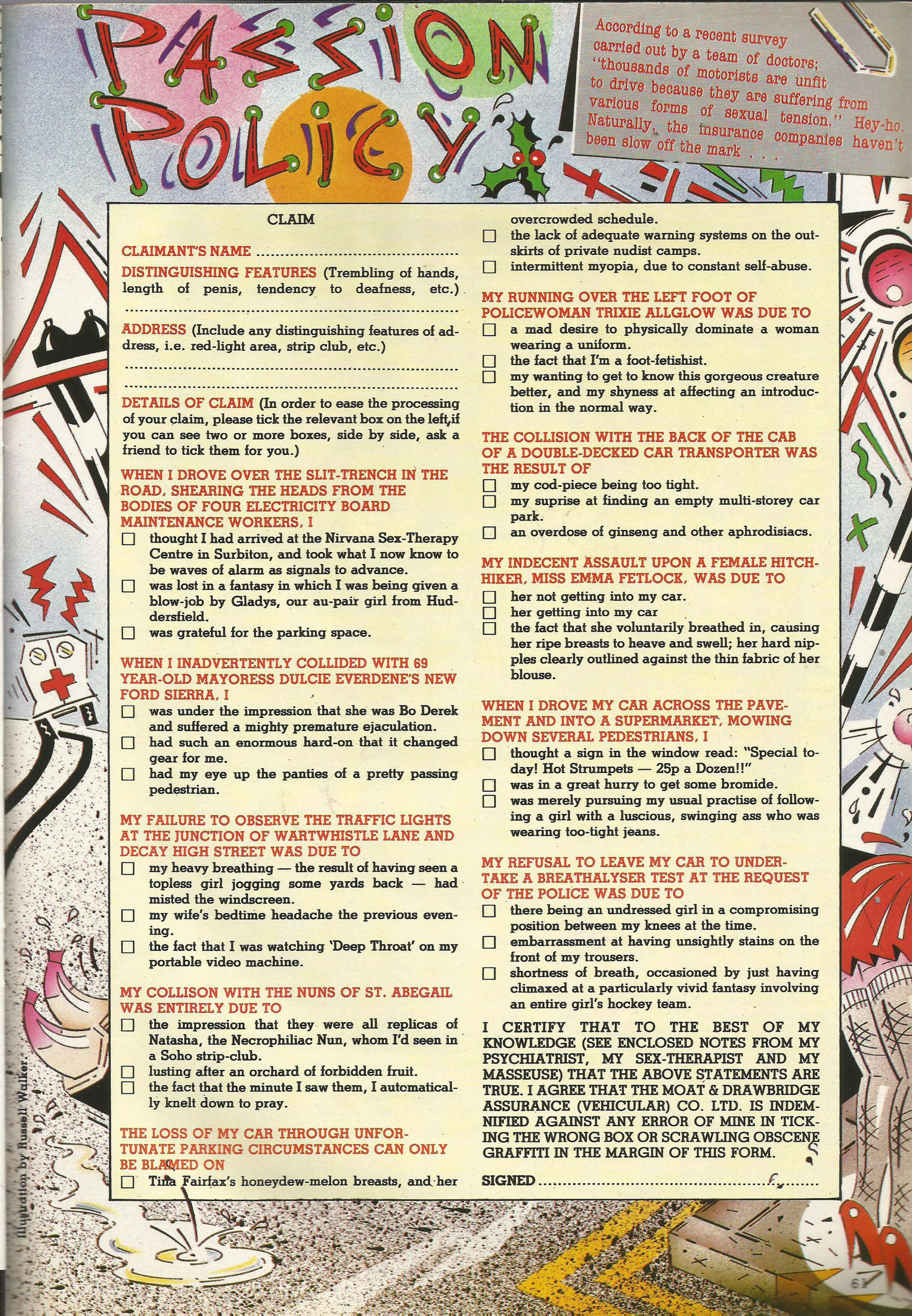
Hyapatia: I adore cocks. I like to rub my nipples against a cock, that really sets me off. Then I suck it. Did you see *The Young Like It Hot*?

Knave: Yes.

Hyapatia: You remember Lori Smith in that movie, how she deep-throated that guy? Well, that's something I'm working on. You know, I never saw Linda Lovelace in action, and before that scene I'd never really seen a lady take a cock all the way down. It really turned me on just thinking about it. I could masturbate to that scene. But so far I haven't been able to stop myself from gagging when I try it. Maybe if I get super-relaxed on something I'll be able to do it. I'm trying. By the next time I do a film, I hope to be able to put an entire cock all the way in my mouth.

Knave: Is that important to you?

Hyapatia: Well, it's a challenge. I'm doing what I've wanted to do. I'm making porn films and getting famous and being seen all over the country. But if I'm going to be a lady known for sex, seems like I should be able to deep-throat a guy, right? I've accomplished almost everything else I started out to do, so now that's top on my list. I'm gonna be the best cocksucker in the business! ■



PASSION POLICY

According to a recent survey carried out by a team of doctors; "thousands of motorists are unfit to drive because they are suffering from various forms of sexual tension." Hey-ho. Naturally, the insurance companies haven't been slow off the mark . . .

CLAIM

CLAIMANT'S NAME ....

DISTINGUISHING FEATURES (Trembling of hands, length of penis, tendency to deafness, etc.)

....

ADDRESS (Include any distinguishing features of address, i.e. red-light area, strip club, etc.)

....

....

DETAILS OF CLAIM (In order to ease the processing of your claim, please tick the relevant box on the left, if you can see two or more boxes, side by side, ask a friend to tick them for you.)

WHEN I DROVE OVER THE SLIT-TRENCH IN THE ROAD, SHEARING THE HEADS FROM THE BODIES OF FOUR ELECTRICITY BOARD MAINTENANCE WORKERS, I

☐ thought I had arrived at the Nirvana Sex-Therapy Centre in Surbiton, and took what I now know to be waves of alarm as signals to advance.
☐ was lost in a fantasy in which I was being given a blow-job by Gladys, our au-pair girl from Huddersfield.
☐ was grateful for the parking space.

WHEN I INADVERTENTLY COLLIDED WITH 69 YEAR-OLD MAYORESS DULCIE EVERDENE'S NEW FORD SIERRA, I

☐ was under the impression that she was Bo Derek and suffered a mighty premature ejaculation.
☐ had such an enormous hard-on that it changed gear for me.
☐ had my eye up the panties of a pretty passing pedestrian.

MY FAILURE TO OBSERVE THE TRAFFIC LIGHTS AT THE JUNCTION OF WARTWHISTLE LANE AND DECAY HIGH STREET WAS DUE TO

☐ my heavy breathing — the result of having seen a topless girl jogging some yards back — had misted the windscreen.
☐ my wife's bedtime headache the previous evening.
☐ the fact that I was watching 'Deep Throat' on my portable video machine.

MY COLLISON WITH THE NUNS OF ST. ABEGAIL WAS ENTIRELY DUE TO

☐ the impression that they were all replicas of Natasha, the Necrophiliac Nun, whom I'd seen in a Soho strip-club.
☐ lusting after an orchard of forbidden fruit.
☐ the fact that the minute I saw them, I autcmatically knelt down to pray.

THE LOSS OF MY CAR THROUGH UNFORTUNATE PARKING CIRCUMSTANCES CAN ONLY BE BLAMED ON

☐ Tina Fairfax's honeydew-melon breasts, and her overcrowded schedule.
☐ the lack of adequate warning systems on the outskirts of private nudist camps.
☐ intermittent myopia, due to constant self-abuse.

MY RUNNING OVER THE LEFT FOOT OF POLICEWOMAN TRIXIE ALLGLOW WAS DUE TO

☐ a mad desire to physically dominate a woman wearing a uniform.
☐ the fact that I'm a foot-fetishist.
☐ my wanting to get to know this gorgeous creature better, and my shyness at affecting an introduction in the normal way.

THE COLLISION WITH THE BACK OF THE CAB OF A DOUBLE-DECKED CAR TRANSPORTER WAS THE RESULT OF

☐ my cod-piece being too tight.
☐ my suprise at finding an empty multi-storey car park.
☐ an overdose of ginseng and other aphrodisiacs.

MY INDECENT ASSAULT UPON A FEMALE HITCH-HIKER, MISS EMMA FETLOCK, WAS DUE TO

☐ her not getting into my car.
☐ her getting into my car
☐ the fact that she voluntarily breathed in, causing her ripe breasts to heave and swell; her hard nipples clearly outlined against the thin fabric of her blouse.

WHEN I DROVE MY CAR ACROSS THE PAVEMENT AND INTO A SUPERMARKET, MOWING DOWN SEVERAL PEDESTRIANS, I

☐ thought a sign in the window read: "Special today! Hot Strumpets — 25p a Dozen!!"
☐ was in a great hurry to get some bromide.
☐ was merely pursuing my usual practise of following a girl with a luscious, swinging ass who was wearing too-tight jeans.

MY REFUSAL TO LEAVE MY CAR TO UNDERTAKE A BREATHALYSER TEST AT THE REQUEST OF THE POLICE WAS DUE TO

☐ there being an undressed girl in a compromising position between my knees at the time.
☐ embarrassment at having unsightly stains on the front of my trousers.
☐ shortness of breath, occasioned by just having climaxed at a particularly vivid fantasy involving an entire girl's hockey team.

I CERTIFY THAT TO THE BEST OF MY KNOWLEDGE (SEE ENCLOSED NOTES FROM MY PSYCHIATRIST, MY SEX-THERAPIST AND MY MASSEUSE) THAT THE ABOVE STATEMENTS ARE TRUE. I AGREE THAT THE MOAT & DRAWBRIDGE ASSURANCE (VEHICULAR) CO. LTD. IS INDEMNIFIED AGAINST ANY ERROR OF MINE IN TICKING THE WRONG BOX OR SCRAWLING OBSCENE GRAFFITI IN THE MARGIN OF THIS FORM.

SIGNED ....

Illustration by Russell Walker.

HOW TO ORGANISE A PISS-UP

Christmas is piss up time — you just can't escape them. There's always one, though, that's a disaster where the wine tastes like turps and the guests all throw up. Expert drunk *Brian O'Hanlon* gives some tips.

The one thing to remember about organizing a piss up is to completely ignore the enthusiasm and promises of your friends when they are discussing it, in drink, in a pub or elsewhere, because when it comes to the crunch — cash down — about half of them, at a conservative estimate, will back down.

Organizing other people's enjoyment is as hard as getting up on a Monday morning. They will leave everything to you, once you have been bloody fool enough to be talked into it, or worse, volunteer. You won't get thanks, only kicks, because you will soon find out how easily the 'organizer' of a piss up is demoted from the ranks of close friendship to the status of servant or lackey.

The Golden Rule about being asked to organize a P.U. is to say 'NO!' Loud and clear as your voice will echo. If that fails, and you find yourself dragooned by a mixture of chicanery and outright flattery — "You're the only bloke who can do it, old boy" — then here are a few tips from one who has just hung up his boots for the last time and has finally persuaded himself to withdraw from all committees.

Let us take the old school re-union first. Some will want to bring their wives, some someone else's wives, and others will want to call it 'Stag'. You who were young together know each other *too* well for practised civility. The sawny young twit who had to be thumped in the dressing room to persuade him to take the rugger field — and on one occasion frogmarched on to it — will now be a bank manager. Not *your* branch, thank God; and the bloke who

Photographed by John Copthorne. Art direction by T & J.

did absolutely everything right at school — captain of games and the school — will have done nothing since, but will still want to preen in front of his old schoolfriends.

The best idea is a pub's function room, as they are now loftily called. And choose a pub which is used to the rugger crowd because they will tell you that the best dinner is the one which is kept plain and simple. And *cheap*. Pate, Steak & Kidney Pudding, Trifle, Cheese & Biscuits, and Coffee to finish. Numbers are the name of this game. If you can keep yours above 30 you will still get away with £7 a head, including a hidden 12½% gratuity for the staff. Tell the landlord you will sit down at 8, but tell those attending the thrash that the time is 7.30. Get everyone to meet in the main bars of the pub from work: from 5.30/6.00 o'clock onwards. That way they will buy their own rounds and get over any awkwardness, which can happen to people who may not have met each other since schooldays. Oh, and whatever else you do, don't become involved with ordering wine for everybody. Let them order their own, individually, just before you all sit down to eat otherwise you really *will* be back at school at the end of the evening.

"Christ! £12 for wine? All I've had is a couple of glasses of red, and a glass of white with the first course..." or: "Who's the bloody idiot who ordered Mouton Cadet? I wanted the house wine; the plonk at £3.50 a litre!" And so on, and so on.

At the death, when everybody is exchanging home addresses and phone numbers, which they will either lose or not be bothered to follow up, someone will suggest going to a club and getting some girls. LET THEM! "Ta Ta," you say, "and may your God go with you!"

But don't forget to collect everyone's money *before* they sit down, will you?

''Most English men tend to think of France in terms of sex and getting smashed out of their skulls.''

The Office Party can be dangerous. Very dangerous indeed. If it is management sponsored and organized, turn up for the first hour, then leave. If you have to do it yourself, on behalf of your colleagues, then the first thing to do is to take it away from the office, so that when certain people drink too much and make fools of themselves, as they assuredly will, they do not suffer pangs of embarrassment every time they pass the stationery cupboard where they were caught banging Brenda, the bird with big knockers from the typing pool. And when they return to the office in its normal hierarchial state they will not suffer the trauma of terror brought about by wondering what they really said to the Boss...

The wine bar is the perfect scenario for the office party which is to be organized *by* the staff *for* the staff, with management and the director levels invited as a courtesy rather than a necessity. A wine bar is not so aggressively masculine as the average pub. Wine drinking makes people behave in a more civilised fashion, and the quiche, etc., that most wine bars put on — the back-up food — can make it seem much more up-market than it actually is. Again, numbers are important, but as everyone will be coming direct from the office there will be less dropping out. I would suggest you collect the cost of a bottle of house wine, plus £2 from everyone *before* they leave the office. Girls as well as boys. If you are shy about demanding money from female staff pick out the bossiest one of the lot and get her to do it for you. Men, *usually,* drink more than women, so have your booze and food either put into a separate room or part of the premises, and when that runs out collect a quick whip of £3 each from the blokes remaining. When you are negotiating remember that most wine bars have an early 'happy-hour' when house wine is up to 50% less. I would suggest you get them to sell at their party price to your group the whole evening and take off 10% to 15% on food. They will still make a profit!

Organizing trips to the seaside and over to France for the day can be a lot of fun because such a trip becomes the 'school outing' all over again. The anticipation is often more exciting than the actual event. I would never go by train. You will always get the late-comer. A private coach driver will wait a few extra minutes. A British Rail driver certainly won't. Drinking on the coach, apart from being against the law, when it is in motion, can be a nuisance on the outward bound leg. The biggest piss artists will want to get stuck in right away, and others, particularly some of the wives and girlfriends, will start throwing a moody, if the whole thing takes on a men's outing appearance too early. A very astute party organizer I know, no slouch with a beer glass himself, always makes it a point to stick a quid on the price of everybody's ticket and come up with some really delicious sandwiches made from real fresh bread when the coach stops for the ritual drink at half way. A lot of people tend not to eat breakfast these days, and you will be surprised just how well these sarnis will be received, and also act as a break on further drinking. Once you are at the coast let everyone do their own thing — they *will,* anyway — but be very firm about the coach leaving at 5 o'clock. If it doesn't you won't get away until 9 or even after 11, and you will stand a very good chance of the coach clearing off without you all, as local regulations, in a lot of the resorts, make it statutory for coaches to leave by a reasonably early hour to discourage drunkenness and hooliganism around their town. If you can get away by 5.15 then you can have a good hour's stop at a half way house back to town, and arrive back at your pick-up point by 9 p.m. That still leaves time for those who want to carry on boozing to do so.

Day trips to France can be great or a disaster. There is usually no happy medium. There is something in the English psyche which seems to make it obligatory for most English men to think of France in terms of sex and getting smashed out of their skulls. I went to Boulogne from Dover with my rugby club on the hovercraft a few years ago. Some idiot decided that as we were all going to be seasick we had better have brandy, for medicinal purposes. Half a bottle each. By the time we reached Boulogne we greeted the customs and immigration people with a rousing chorus of 'The Frenchman Who Went To The Lavatory' (to the tune of Marseillaise) and caused havoc when we reached the country inn where we had booked lunch. The prop forward fell out of the door flat on his face, and the strikingly beautiful daughter of the inn fled inside screaming: "The Russians are here!" The *entente* became less than *cordiale* when a couple of others decided to play rugby with the steel Petanque balls...

I organized 25 people from the Rye area on a day trip to Boulogne about 5 years ago. We all knew each other and what everyone did. We were also determined not to get pissed on the boat going out. After a couple of cognacs and coffees we settled back in our coach at Boulogne en route for one of Les Routiers approved country restaurants.

Everyone was well behaved and thoroughly enjoying themselves at a cost of £25 per head, which included Hover, coaches both sides, and lunch, but *not drink.* I had taken the precaution of separating the secretary of the local Conservative Association from the town's pet Red. But I had not reckoned on how differently some English people react to everything, including each other, once on foreign soil.

"I say," said Lady W, pillar of the local establishment in deepest East Sussex, "What lovely balls that waitah theah has!"

Just then the two quiet young things who had just taken over a local pub near Winchelsea spoke to the Tory secretary and his gracious lady: "Do you two still fuck a lot, now that you have been married for so long?"

I couldn't believe my ears. I could not credit my eyes. Just then a tiny hand was laid upon my cock, under the table, and began rubbing it in sexy, circular motions. I turned to my right to see Jeanette, the beautiful brunette, the prim wife of the bank manager smiling into space, happily sloshed, pressing her thing up against mine, whispering in my ear. "Er, I'm all alone Tuesdays......"

The speeches were the most embarrassing thing of all. The Conservative secretary got on his feet and thanked our hosts, to be followed by our local Commie. Both gentlemen then got to their feet again to tell the rest of us they couldn't stand each other and began shouting insults. The restauranteur, not understanding English, thought we were complaining about his food, and wanted to fight everybody, and would I please take everybody back to England *tout suite....*

''Her dancing lessons at boarding school were put to good use as she writhed and contorted on stage.''

When organising a piss up you have to remember that you can't win 'em all! A pub crawl is fairly easy to organise, provided you introduce new aspects as the reason for leaving one place to go to another, rather than just for the sake of it. Men are difficult to move on when they are drinking and the conversation is beginning to flow as well as the beer. I would say two things here. Don't have your pubs too far apart. Make them all within ten minutes walking distance of the other, and do get some toasted cheese & tomato sandwiches, cheese & pickle, or whatever, laid on about 9 p.m., as 'blotting paper' for those whose consumptions are not quite so enormous. Start with a £5 kitty and have another one for £3 after that. Then let everyone buy their own because by that time half of the original crowd will have quietly dropped out, and others, though present, will have reached their drinking limit. If there are at least 20 of you then ask the landlord supplying food for cut price terms. He will gladly give them to you because of the big mark-up he makes.

A thing to watch with a pub crawl is for those outside the group joining in and being given booze on the kitty. If that happens have a quiet word with the people in your crowd they are speaking to, and tell them that any drinks for uninvited people must be down to them. You will be surprised how quickly these new found drinking companions drift off again, once *that* is made clear.

If it's a stag night and you want a couple of strippers then the golden rule is *don't* go through an agent, who will usually collect anything up to 25% of the girls fees for just giving them your name and address. Most girls who work the afternoon and evening strip clubs will do a private on-off show on their days off — they usually work their clubs 5 days in 7 — but the trick is getting to talk to them without the management nosing in. If it is a straightforward 5 to 7 minute strip you want, the fee is anything from £30 plus. Anything else is by arrangement with the girl and payment in advance please!

The best piss ups are not organized. They are spontaneous; unrehearsed. I am thinking of rugby and cricket in particular. The girls who come to watch usually play hockey and tennis, so there is a natural liaison. Late one night, at a certain club there were half a dozen of us, nicely pissed. Karen said: "Let's go to that rather posh pub on the bypass where they have strip Saturday evening."

They also had real ale and we were all connoisseurs of that, as well. We arrived around 9.30 and had a couple of pints before the first act came on. She was tartly looking, small breasted, and BORED. Was she ever bored! Her eyes glazed into space, a foot above the heads of the audience, and when she finished she got up from writhing nakedly on the stage floor and sped off as if she had a train to catch.

"Bloody hell!" said Karen, in a louder voice than usual, prompted by at least four pints of IPA. "I can do better than *that*!"

"All right, Madame," said the landlord, in a superior tone: "The dressing room's all yours."

Karen didn't bat an eyelid, but walked over, with an exaggerated stripper's mince, to the room. Five minutes later the landlord announced: "Ladies and Gentlemen, give a big hand to a daring young lady, stripping just because I dared her to!" The audience, always ready to clap a good sport, did so. Karen came out and she *was* good. Her dancing lessons at boarding school were put to good use as she writhed and contorted to the sensual tones of 'The Stripper'. All was going well until Ron, her boyfriend, jumped onstage and began, with her encouragement, to strip too. The barman made a lunge but he evaded him and ran around the tables shedding shoes, socks and, finally, his underpants. There was great applause as the lights went out.

"When's the next show?" I asked the publican.

"That, sir", he replied, evenly, as two muscular gents appeared at his elbow, "will be of no concern to *you* or the rest of your party!"

Continued from page 23

came, but before I knew it he was gripping my hair and pumping oodles of come into my mouth. He seemed to come for ages and spunk was dribbling from my mouth as I let his cock slip from my mouth. I knelt there, thinking, "If only Paul knew that his best mate has just shot a load of spunk into my mouth . . ."

I was already beginning to relish my revenge on Paul, and I offered to make up the spare bed for Dave while he recovered and promised to spend a few hours with him while Paul slept it off. After I had installed my lover in the spare room, I went to check on Paul, and feeling wicked, I bent down and kissed him on the lips with the taste of Dave's come still on my lips. But Paul didn't even stir.

Back in the spare room Dave was lying naked on the bed. I slipped out of my knickers and joined him and we were soon in the sixty nine position with Dave's hot tongue working wonders on my clitoris. It was a wonder he didn't suffocate — or drown rather — as I ground my soaking cunt into his face.

By the time I returned to my marital bed at five o'clock, Dave had come up me twice, and my pussy was slurping as I walked. Paul was stirring by this time, and I started to undress him. By the time I had removed his pants he had a semi-erection and I thought how delicious it would be to have him fuck me, unaware that Dave's come was swilling about inside me.

I sucked him to full hardness and then straddled him. He was awake by now, although he was obviously still drunk as I slipped his cock up me. I rode up and down on his cock, and could feel the slippery juices inside me slurping around. A mixture of Dave's come and my juices was oozing out onto Paul's pubic hair, and he was soon pumping his load into my tummy — no sooner had he come than he was back asleep, snoring.

I woke up around ten o'clock that morning to find Paul sitting up in bed, very subdued and nursing his head. I explained to him that Dave had driven us home and had stayed the night and slipped out of bed. Paul asked me to fetch him a couple of aspirins before taking my shower. I returned with the tablets, but he was already nodding off again, so I went to the bathroom and slipped out of my robe. Glancing in the mirror I could clearly see tiny traces of dried come sticking to my pubes, and I giggled as I wondered whose it was. My mind drifted back to the session with Dave and I could have almost believed that I had dreamt it all — but my puffed up pussy lips were ample evidence that I'd had Dave's monster up between my legs.

After my shower I slipped my bathrobe on and decided that I would go without panties for the rest of the day in celebration of my achievements. I went along to the guest room, and finding Dave still asleep woke him up by putting his limp cock in my mouth. I could taste his come and my juices on his shaft as it quickly stiffened between my lips. Dave was soon wide awake and he whispered to me that he had heard me and Paul screwing after I had left him, and that I had made him really jealous when he heard me moaning. I released his cock for a moment and told him that he should teach me a lesson by coming into my mouth — which he did within a few minutes of me resuming my sucking.

Paul couldn't face breakfast and he asked if I would drive Dave home, as he didn't feel up to it.

Within the hour, I was driving our car towards Dave's flat while he caressed my naked pussy — and I'm sure a few motorists must have got a glimpse of Dave's hand between my legs. I just didn't care — all I could think of was getting him up me again. We practically ran into his flat, and Dave simply pushed me on his bed, whipped his cock out and pushed it up me from behind.

Suddenly I had another wicked thought and reached out and picked up the telephone which was on the bedside table. Dave stopped his movements, wondering what I was up to. I dialled our number and Paul answered the phone. Glancing back over my shoulder I told Paul that I was ringing to see if he wanted anything brought back. I winked at Dave and he got the message that I found it exciting getting fucked while I spoke to my husband and he resumed sliding his big length in and out of me, but slowly this time.

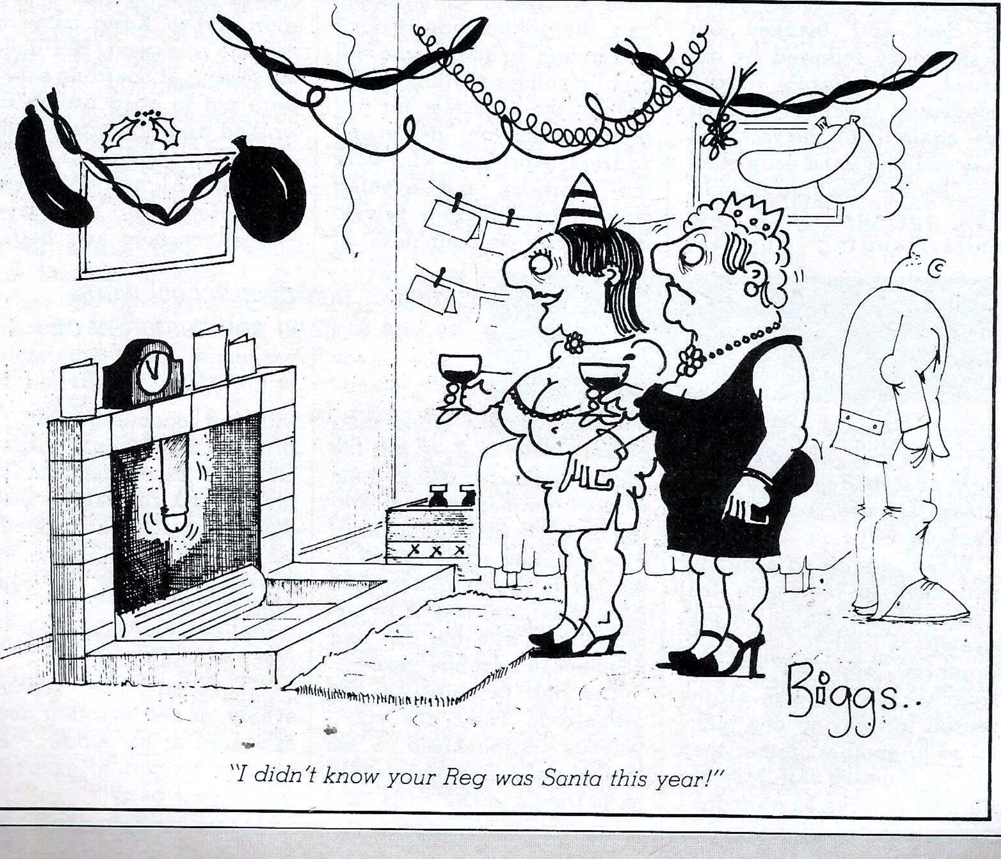
Unfortunately, as my mind was a little preoccupied by what Dave was doing to my cunt, I couldn't think of any way to prolong the conversation as I would have liked and I had rung up a couple of minutes before Dave exploded inside me.

I drove home with Dave's come still trickling from my pussy, and I had to wipe the sticky mess off the car seat with my dress before going into the house.

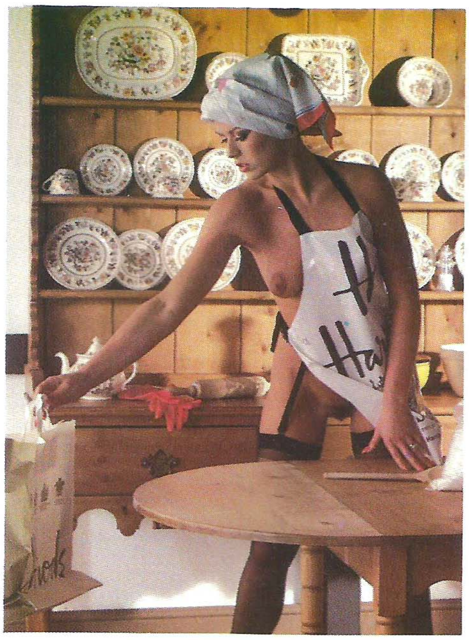
Since that weekend, I have usually managed to see Dave at least once a week, and three weeks ago I went to bed with him and his brother who was staying with him. I can't describe the feeling of getting screwed by one large cock while I've got another similar one in my mouth — there is a family resemblance where it counts.

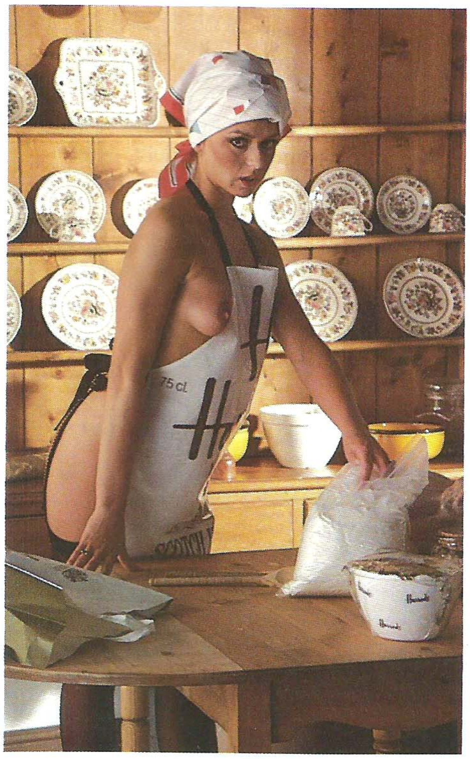
I've hinted to Dave that I wouldn't be averse to having a go at taking on three, or possibly four men at once.

Anyway, that will all be in the future — and I'll certainly let you know what comes of my dreams . . . — *Lucy, Beaconsfield.*



"I didn't know your Reg was Santa this year!"



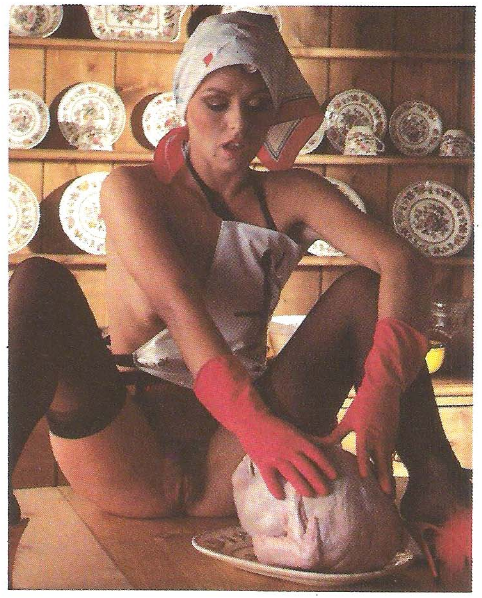


We plan a nice Christmas at the cottage and then Jerry *insists* on inviting those dreadful people from the village pub over for lunch. He *knew* I was having drinkies with Fiona this morning, and now I've only got two hours to get the lunch cooked.

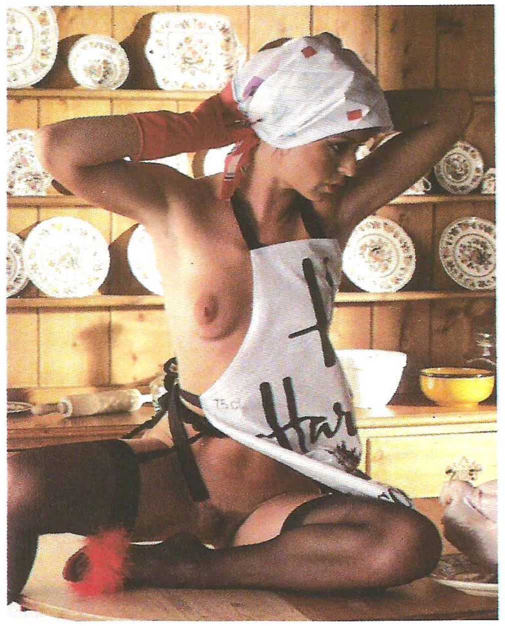
Margot

PHOTOGRAPHED BY RAPHAEL

Now which takes longer, the turkey or the pudding? Oh, I don't know — I'll start on the pudding, I think. Seems a waste to pour all this brandy over it . . . Mmm, at least it's better than Fiona's home-made sherry.

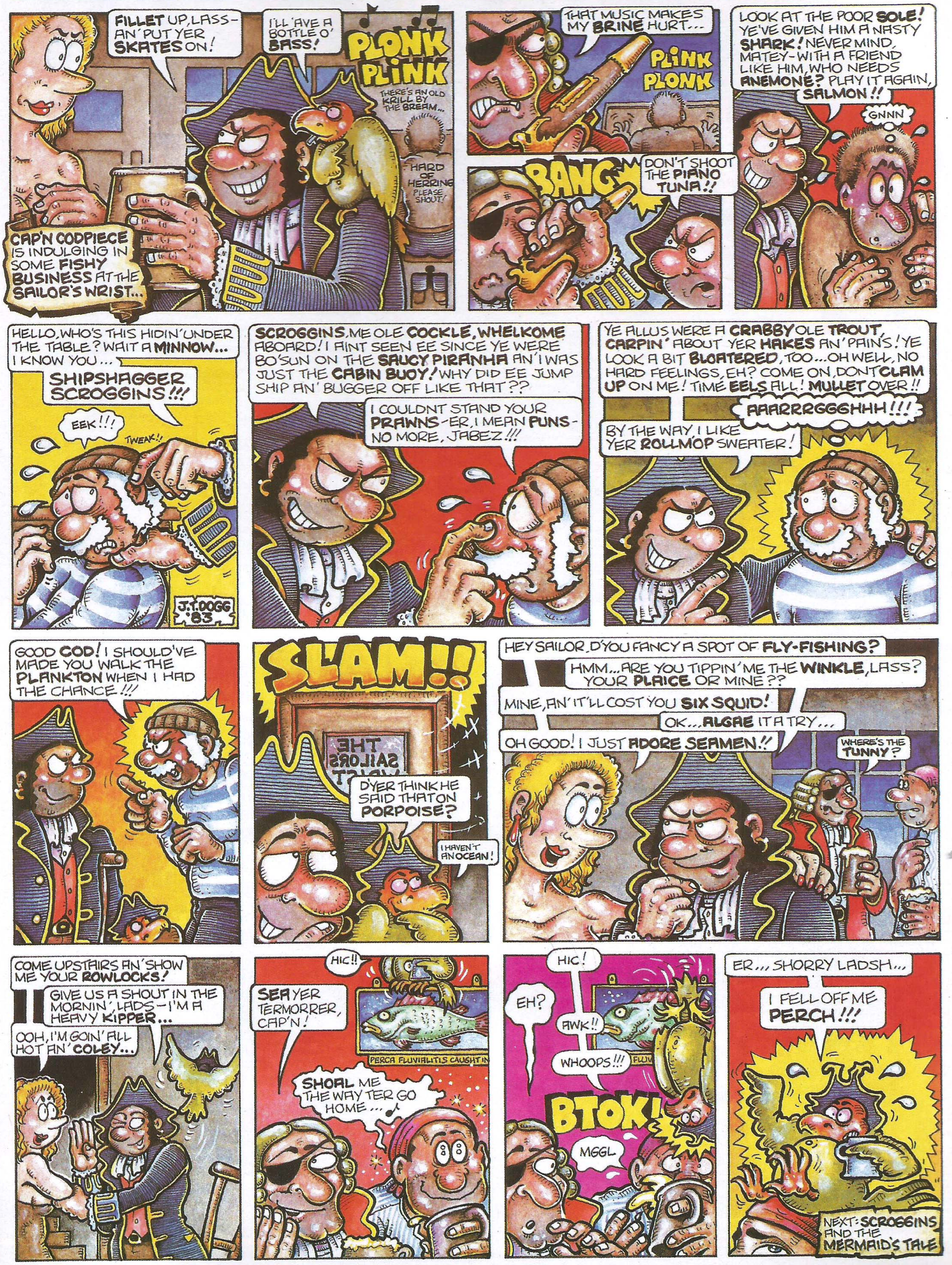


Right, you horrid bird, this is where you get stuffed. Oh Margot! I think you're a teensy bit tiddly, darling. Hm, doesn't feel all that nice inside — all bony. I bet *I* feel nicer . . . whoops, I'm *definitely* rather squiffy. Still, they do say brandy makes you randy — and Jerry's no use to anyone these days . . .



Oh, it won't do any harm, will it? Look, Margot, old girl, just a little one — all right? Then you really must stuff the Christmas pudding and set fire to the turkey. I think that's right . . . Ooooh . . .

TALES OF THE JOLLY ROGER


CAP'N CODPIECE IS INDULGING IN SOME FISHY BUSINESS AT THE SAILOR'S WRIST...
FILLET UP, LASS– AN' PUT YER SKATES ON!
I'LL 'AVE A BOTTLE O' BASS!
PLONK PLINK
THERE'S AN OLD KRILL BY THE BREAM...
HARD OF HERRING PLEASE SHOUT
THAT MUSIC MAKES MY BRINE HURT...
PLINK PLONK
BANG
DON'T SHOOT THE PIANO TUNA!!
LOOK AT THE POOR SOLE! YE'VE GIVEN HIM A NASTY SHARK! NEVER MIND, MATEY– WITH A FRIEND LIKE HIM, WHO NEEDS ANEMONE? PLAY IT AGAIN, SALMON!!
GNNN
HELLO, WHO'S THIS HIDIN' UNDER THE TABLE? WAIT A MINNOW... I KNOW YOU...
SHIPSHAGGER SCROGGINS!!!
EEK!!!
TWEAK!!
J.T. DOGG '83
SCROGGINS, ME OLE COCKLE, WHELKOME ABOARD! I AINT SEEN EE SINCE YE WERE BO'SUN ON THE SAUCY PIRANHA AN' I WAS JUST THE CABIN BUOY! WHY DID EE JUMP SHIP AN' BUGGER OFF LIKE THAT??
I COULDNT STAND YOUR PRAWNS– ER, I MEAN PUNS– NO MORE, JABEZ!!!
YE ALLUS WERE A CRABBY OLE TROUT, CARPIN' ABOUT YER HAKES AN' PAINS! YE LOOK A BIT BLOATERED, TOO... OH WELL, NO HARD FEELINGS, EH? COME ON, DONT CLAM UP ON ME! TIME EELS ALL! MULLET OVER!!
AAARRRGGGHHH!!!
BY THE WAY, I LIKE YER ROLLMOP SWEATER!
GOOD COD! I SHOULD'VE MADE YOU WALK THE PLANKTON WHEN I HAD THE CHANCE!!!
SL'AM!!
THE SAILORS WRIST
D'YER THINK HE SAID THAT ON PORPOISE?
I HAVEN'T AN OCEAN!
HEY SAILOR, D'YOU FANCY A SPOT OF FLY-FISHING?
HMM... ARE YOU TIPPIN' ME THE WINKLE, LASS? YOUR PLAICE OR MINE??
MINE, AN' IT'LL COST YOU SIX SQUID!
OK... ALGAE IT A TRY...
OH GOOD! I JUST ADORE SEAMEN!!
WHERE'S THE TUNNY?
COME UPSTAIRS AN' SHOW ME YOUR ROWLOCKS!
GIVE US A SHOUT IN THE MORNIN', LADS– I'M A HEAVY KIPPER...
OOH, I'M GOIN' ALL HOT AN' COLEY...
HIC!!
SEA YER TERMORRER, CAP'N!
PERCA FLUVIALITIS CAUGHT IN
SHOAL ME THE WAY TER GO HOME...
HIC!
EH?
AWK!!
WHOOPS!!!
FLUV
BTOK!
MGGL
ER... SHORRY LADSH...
I FELL OFF ME PERCH!!!
NEXT: SCROGGINS AND THE MERMAID'S TALE

AMATEUR MODEL OF THE MONTH

She's 28 years old, has the sunniest of smiles and lives in Denmark — where her husband works for a big computer company. Apparently she's always wanted to try her hand (and the rest of her lovely self) at glamour modelling, finally plucked up the courage and wrote to us — with the results you see before you. Glad she did. And she's going to spend the £150 on 'something to remember us by' — we hope it's sexy underwear!

Gill Mitchell

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JACK ROGERS

HAVE YOU GOT STAR QUALITY?

Ever fancied yourself as a model? Think you've got what it takes? Well, it won't cost you a fortune to find out — and it could net you £150 plus expenses.

Simply fill in the form below and send it in with three recent colour photos of yourself, with at least one featuring you in the nude. If you're successful there's a £25 prize for the person who took these pictures of you, and we'll invite you up to London for a day's modelling.

We'll build a special set in our studio (you might even like to suggest an idea yourself), provide some lascivious lingerie, make sure there's a make-up artist to help you look your best and provide a professional photographer to take some gloriously sexy photos of you. A real day to remember, so let's hear from you now!

MODEL'S NAME (Block letters please) . . . .

. . . .

ADDRESS . . . .

. . . .

MODEL'S SIGNATURE . . . .

. . . .

MODEL'S DATE OF BIRTH . . . . .

. . . .

PHOTOGRAPHER'S NAME (Block letters please) . . . .

. . . .

ADDRESS . . . .

. . . .

PHOTOGRAPHER'S SIGNATURE

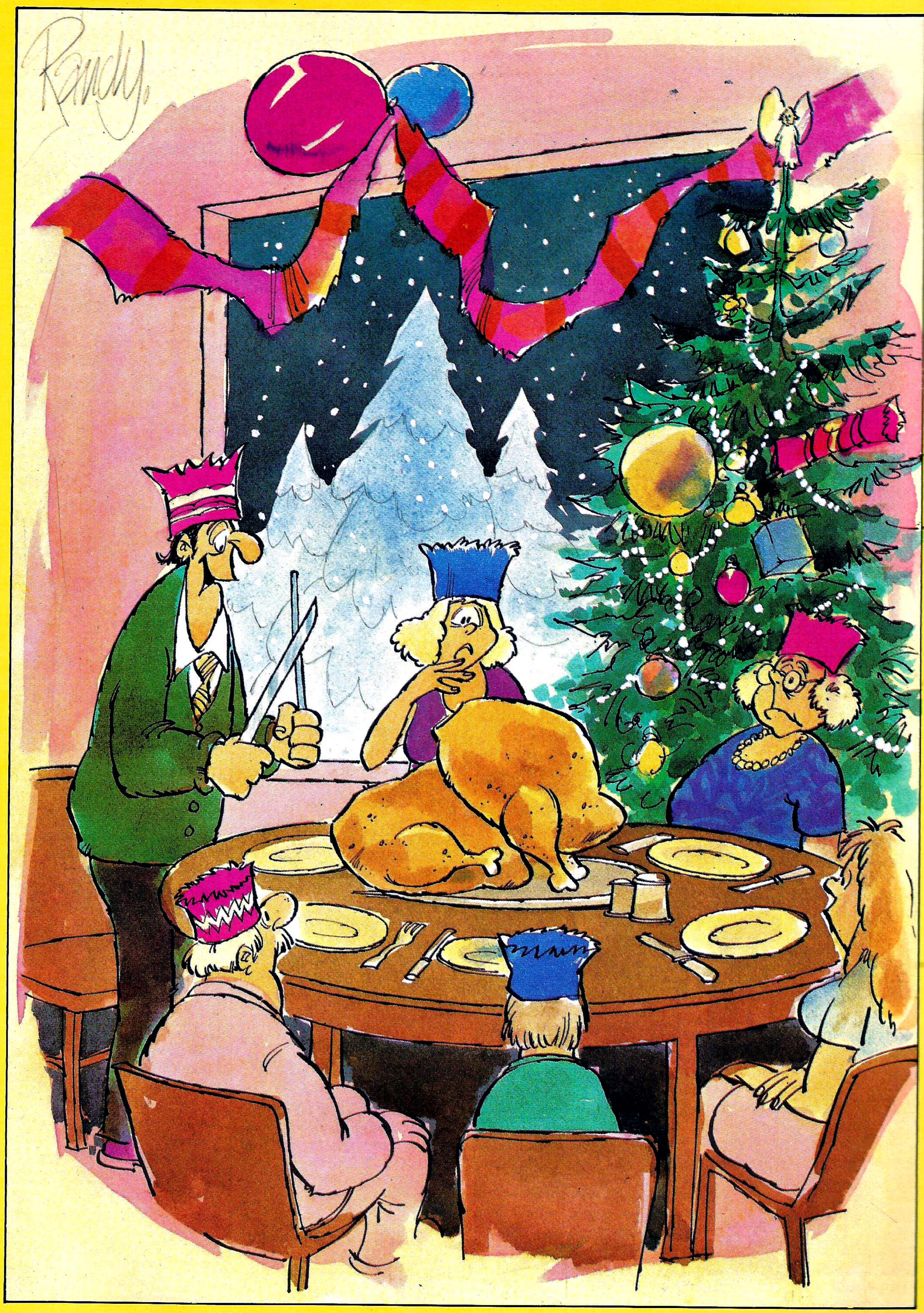
. . . .

DATE (Please give day, month & year) . . . .

WITNESS (Not Photographer) . . .

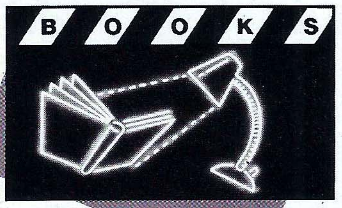
. . . .

Send to Knave Amateur Model Feature, 252 Belsize Road, London NW6 4BT.



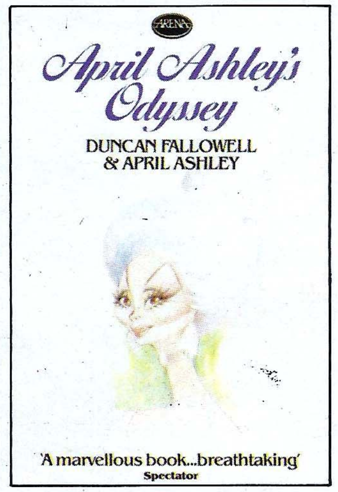
"Of course, the art in killing them is to wait until they least expect it."

KNAVE
Viewfinder

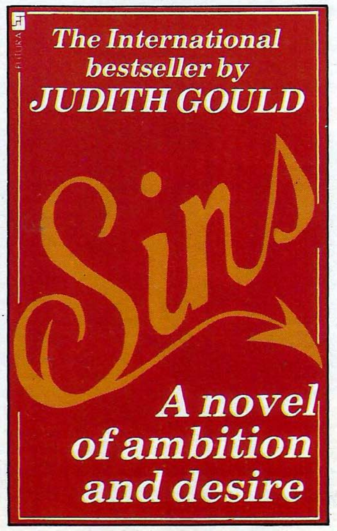


Of course it is customary for those who arrive on this planet through the womb channel to have their gender selected prior to the happy event. But, to quote George Gershwin, it ain't necessarily so. Science is winning. Swallow a little estrogen, for instance, and the skin gets softer, fat is redistributed. Insert some silicone and breasts begin to develop, hips acquire shape. Surgery will take care of the major adjustments. Out comes Adam's apple, then the testicles, while the inside of the penis supplies the perfect lining on a new vagina, which is also waterproof. This is known as a Swedish number. Thus transsexuals, trapped and screaming in the wrong body, crave the scalpel. They demand that verdicts of nature be overturned, quashed.

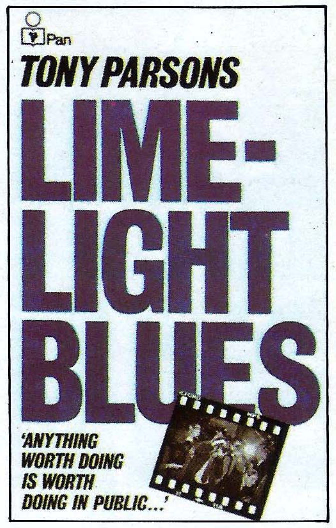
Probably the most stylish of sex-change personalities so far has laid it down for all to see in **April Ashley's Odyssey** (*Arena — £2.95*), assisted by Duncan Fallowfield. Fairly high percentages of agony and ecstasy vie for the attention. "I hope," says April quite bashfully at one point, "you aren't becoming too fatigued by these suicide attempts." For those who are, there is celebrity gossip, backstage drag bitching and maximum nerve tissue to keep eyelids raised. One lover pelted her with geranium petals. Another gave rise to the meat hook as a metaphor for desire. Under the rib cage too. But this is chiefly a book by a hostess, mindful of her obligations to please.



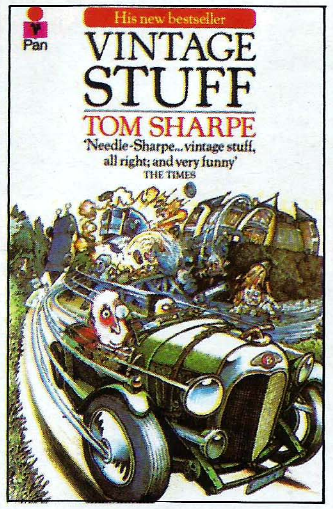
Further along the shelf, a bulky softback entitled **Sins** (*Futura — £2.95*) by Judith Gould is busy adding up the intrigues of "a beautiful, iron-willed, erotic, blackmailing monster" within an international magazine empire. Hah! I smell abortion, adultery, divorce, rape and murder. These are ugly words, designed to sell copies. Gould is no different from most who get good and griddled within the strictly non-stick, pot-boiling industry. She is easily seduced by luxury, perfuming her readers with Dunhill, Savile Row, Cartier, Chanel, Dior (names to conjure with when you don't have one of your own). Little else is of consequence, for characters mostly quiver with spite and retribution like true descendants of Captain Bligh, serving no other dramatic purpose at all.


FUTURA
The International bestseller by
JUDITH GOULD
Sins
A novel of ambition and desire

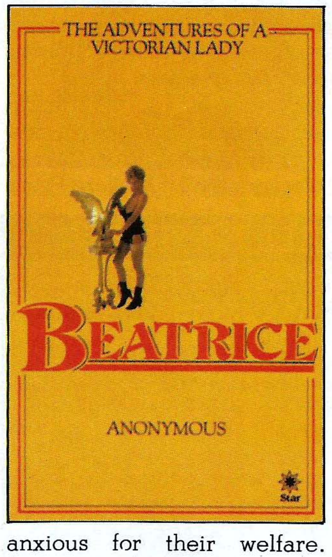
Also in the revenge kit genus is **Limelight Blues** (*Pan — £1.75*), a third badly singed offering by bilious ex-rock hack, Tony Parsons. Perpetually gobbing into *something,* Parsons arrives at the Street of Shame in E.C.4 for an emetic showdown with journalism. The acrid one-liners are punched out relentlessly in the belief that invective alone presupposes basic grasp of what is beneath standard operational bullshit, or any other germ cluster. ***Limelight Blues*** is merely a nervous demonstration of the novel as insect-wing removal and, like herpes, I suggest you don't get it or give it to anyone else.



Meanwhile, the old hurly-burlesque technician is back in business. Tom Sharpe's **Vintage Stuff** (*Pan — £1.75*) is the tenth example of his well bred, two-dimensional mayhem capers that erupt within the hallowed grounds of the English stately home, the public school, etc. Always Sharpe is quick to put the catalyst amongst the pigeons — in this case, a moral imbecile name of Peregrine Clyde-Browne who does exactly what he's told. Otherwise, people slip on loose dog turds, learn French by means of Pavlovian chocdrops, send gay magazine subscriptions to their foes, misplace their dentures, get marooned in sewage systems, assaulted by tampons or have ferrets attached to the cord on their pyjamas. What seems a simply splendid wheeze for some can be just another small stone in the gall-bladder to others. Sometimes I wish Evelyn Waugh wasn't dead.

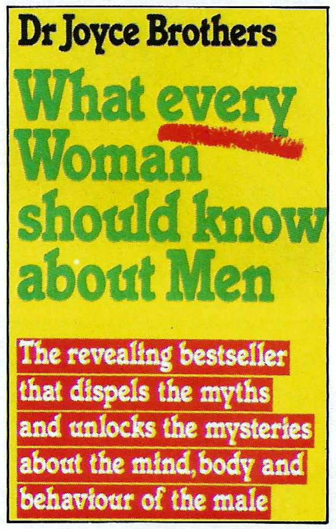


The machinery of sex gets all the lubricants it needs in **Beatrice** (*Star — £1.95*), brought into being by that heavily-cloaked but industrious satyr, Anonymous. At first, Beatrice is the acquiescent young wife of a rather faceless gentleman partial to the groove between her buttocks. Her real disposition is actually quite mutinous, although masochism runs in the family. Both she and her sister, Caroline, are subjected to fabulous chastisement by relatives, anxious for their welfare. Beatrice, who narrates, does so in a tone of voice that is remote to the point of retinal detachment, (a voyeur's prerogative, after all). Yet female submission here is not of the Oh-Sir-Jasper-Do-Not-Touch-Me variety complete with ceaseless semen discharge, for here men serve as *victims* of the act, only good for the odd piece of sensual reference.

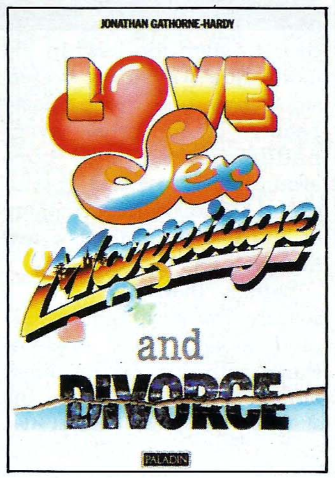


Bizarre sexual episodes carry on inside Georges Bataille's **L'Abbe C** (*Marion Boyars — £7.95*), where erotic tension is maintained by a priest's refusal to succumb to his twin brother's whore, Eponine. Piety is trifled with to a stage where illness and insanity arise. There are two journals, the last of which is the priest's morbid account of his descent into matters of the flesh with two other harlots, before turning his tormentors in to the Gestapo. Always in Bataille, there is sacrilege as the price paid for snatches of the most extreme and febrile pleasure. Laure, his girlfriend (she died in his Paris flat in 1938), confessed to him once that an obstinate fantasy of hers was to kneel nude at the altar of a church, facing away, and receive a communion wafer between her parted cheeks. The power of sin can, on occasion, erase all other thoughts, mutilating the spirit.

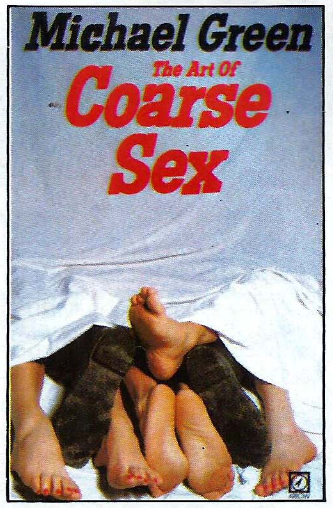
Controversy over the Y-chromosome is still as thorny as ever. In **What Every Woman Should Know About Men** (*Granada — £1.95*), Dr. Joyce Brothers spells out a little panic in the erection zone. Men, she says, fall in love quicker, masturbate more, fall asleep after sex, snore louder, have redder blood, put their manhood on the line each time they have sex and their affairs during midlife crisis resemble aspirin, providing only temporary pain relief. This is no ***Scum Manifesto,*** however. Brothers does not hate men. She writes rather calm, unflustered prose that is not unlike the application of a few ice cubes to neck muscles during a heatwave, as long as indolence and hostility have not entirely ruled out an effective truce in all the bedrooms of the world.


Dr Joyce Brothers
What every Woman should know about Men
The revealing bestseller that dispels the myths and unlocks the mysteries about the mind, body and behaviour of the male

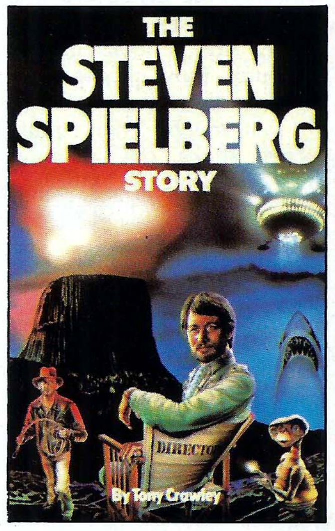
There's even more supposition in Jonathan Gathorne-Hardy's **Love, Sex, Marriage & Divorce** (*Paladin — £2.95*) though he rapidly admits "the subject has been wrung dry." But that's no reason to leave it out there on the line, is it? Nevertheless, this is cogitative stuff, like nibbling corn on the cob. Our truly beloved institution is traced back to its roots in Roman culture, where adultery was rife enough to put deep footprints in the wedding cake. A tough overall picture is painted, where many folk cannot even remember the faces of those they once slept with, and much is made of 'extreme features', periods of libertine behaviour followed by sober, puritanical epochs. Gathorne-Hardy is, as they say these days, 'cautiously optimistic' this will not occur, that the circle is not vicious by definition, just a little irritable.



No one is compelled to take these conjugal overtures too seriously. In fact, Michael Green has the flawless recipe for professional tee-hee merchants. It's called **The Art of Coarse Sex** (*Arrow — £1.50*), one further segment of a series that has already seen off golf, rugby, alcohol, sailing and the theatre. Green would like to appeal to "all ordinary mortals playing in the 2nd Division of sex," but really the results are fractionally less interesting than the sight of some buffoon signing a cheque in toothpaste.



"The most expensive habit in the world is celluloid, not heroin," observes the Movie Brat in Tony Crawley's **The Steven Spielberg Story** (*Zomba Books — £4.50*), adding that he requires another fix every couple of years. It doesn't make him ill though, for Spielberg is the childhood daydreamer who, with the assistance of sharks, space crafts and small cuddly visitors, has made an incalculable fortune from his own rapid eye movement. Moments of terror and wonder are recalled with accuracy and then recorded on a more permanent spool. Crawley, who authored this, is a snappy talker himself. The words fall off his keys at a hot rate. He's versatile too, once having drawn out a few impressive quotes from one famous French actor in a public urinal, a place where, let's face it, some people give their best performances.



M.J. Druitt

If you saw the recent ***Lady Chatterley's Lover***, what scene flashes into your memory? Is it Sylvia Kristel's titties a-bouncing as she prances through the foggy foggy dew? Is it the ring-a-ring of buttercups woven in and out of the gamekeeper's groin shrubbery? I doubt it. Delights like that were quick to come and go. But what went on forever? As if the camera couldn't take its eye off it? That blasted wheelchair going creakity-bump around that country mansion. Which was curtained and furnished like an Aladdin's Cave containing just about every 1920s antique left over. Brassbound, copperknobbed, crystalcut, glacé. All polished and burnished, and highlit and soft-focused, to make everything shine in a rash of stars.

So much bullshit costs a packet and behind it there has to be a theory. Probably something like this. "We've got skin for the men to look at. So now let's give the ladies something to drool over. How about lots of dreamy decor for gracious living? The housewife's dream?" It worked. The film not only cleaned up inside the men-only porn market, but garnered the dollars of middle-class ladies too.

This version of ***Nana*** comes from the producers who gave you ***Lady Chatterley's Lover***. And it looks like it. Although they choose sexy subjects, they're not into sex all that much. Their guilty secret sticks out a mile. They're furniture fetishists. Shiny, antique, furnishings. Drool.

Nana tries to turn the same trick. No expense spared. Gaslight was never like this. Nana's boudoir blazes with so much wattage that you could read the Fat Stock Prizes while sitting fifty feet up her pussy with dark glasses on. But I'm afraid it's: No, No, Nana. Or rather, Ho, Hum, Nana.

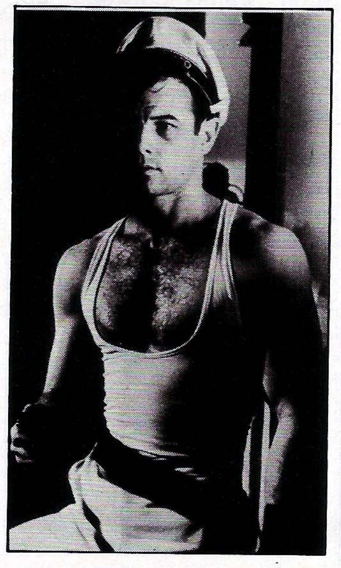
The ***Nana*** story was a fine old warhorse one hundred years ago, but by now the old dear's gotten too long in the tooth. Now it's hard to understand how one dumb, nasty beauty could drive every pudding-faced old bore around Paris to spend, spend, spend himself into bankruptcy or the grave. Just for a few flips in a four-poster.

Rather than think of a reason, the scriptwriters just plod along. Papa presents Nana with his gold-rimmed monocle. Junior slips his studies for her. Les Girls gallop on, all frou-frou and oo-la-la. The best idea is a furnishing wheeze: a nude painting with a peephole in one tit.

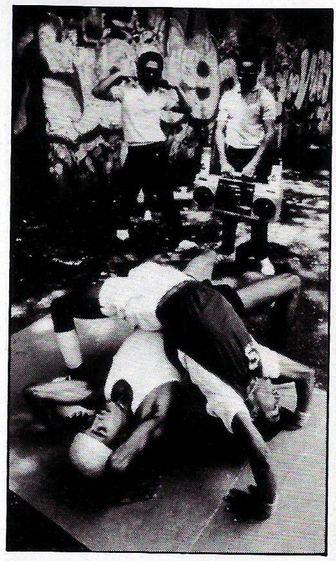
Katya Berger deserved better. She's an offbeat Nana. Not, as Zola wrote, a golden blonde bursting with energy like a female horse. Instead she has a dark, lean, narrow, face. Very much a French peasant face. Secretive, grudging. Then a wide, mischievous smile transforms everything. Then you realise how tense and edgey that smile is . . . Katya certainly eclipses Britain's own Mandy Rice-Davies, oddly miscast as the righteous banker's wife.

Some of the nipples are sights for sore eyes. As pink and huge as bath sponges and magnificently aureoled.

More French decadence in ***Querelle***. Only watch out — it's a gay movie (and how), from Genet's long-banned novel. Our hero is a handsome hunk of sailor-lad who lounges around looking mean, moody and magnificent. Everybody lusts for him: shipmates, officers, the big black buck, and bar-Queen Jeanne Moreau. Madame Moreau is photographed through so many layers of gauze that she looks like a leftover from ***Nana*** days. Or Fanlight Fanny's. But then this film was concocted by R.W. Fassbinder, the finicky German genius, shortly before he died of an overdose of everything. ***Querelle*** is his last will and testament. Not being gay, I found all this ultra-male strutting and looming semi-ridiculous. But interesting. Like being locked inside someone else's wet dream. This slowly turns into a dry nightmare. After each tongue-kiss comes the flick-knife. After each sign of pasion comes the act of treachery. But if you were fascinated by ***Cruising*** and its trip into sleaze, you could cruise this.

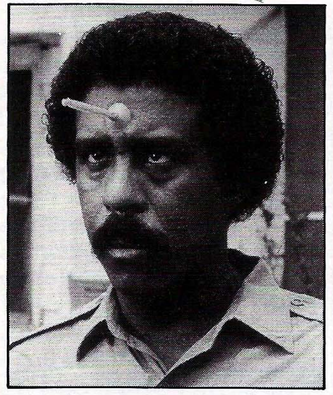


There's more raw pep and zap, though, in ***Wild Style***. It celebrates the new street-arts coming out of the South Bronx. Break-dancing, subway-graffiti, rap 'n' scratch DJs. It's a rough old movie, a bit of a scramble-up. But if you're into the funky West Indian arts over here, like rap and reggae, you'll enjoy comparing what these Stateside Hispanics are concocting.

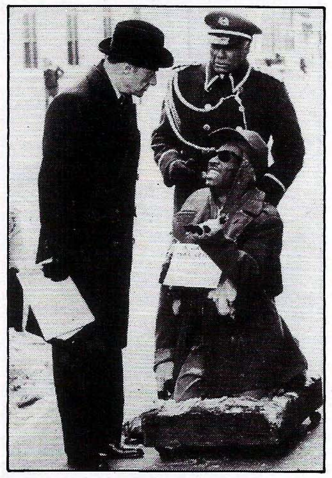


We also have two Hollywood-type movies about people moving up and down the social scale. Perhaps the Recession is making everybody more class-conscious than sex-obsessed.

In ***The Toy*** multi-millionaire Jackie Gleason hires black journalist Richard Pryor as a human fun-machine to amuse his bored son.



In ***Trading Places*** super-rich stockbrokers hire a black street-bum (very much a Richard Pryor type) and sets him up as a market analyst. His most delightful perk is an English butler, played with a delectable line in sarcasm and smirk by Britain's own Denholm Elliott. ***The Toy*** is glossy and okay; ***Trading Places*** is ingenious and hilarious.



Edmund Hartley

KNAVE'S EYEBALL RATING

Comatose: Lack of sleep, strong sedative or very low interest quota. Either way, what the eye don't see, the heart don't grieve over.

Eyelids with rocks on: Fighting a powerful impulse to nod off. One eye cocked for the miraculous, but keep an alarm clock close by.

Double vision: Do not readjust the orbs. The forecast is improving. Sitting comfortably? Slight perspiration on the brow? Aroused?

The glow-worm: Rapid development of dormant faculties. (Possibly the result of having sat upon a drawing-pin). Very few secrets left.

Equatorial peepers: All the symptoms. Dilated pupils. Red neck. Wet shirt. Cold feet. Tall stalk/hot cavity. Reach optical boiling point.

The cinema media hacks don't seem to be taking ***The Twilight Zone — The Movie*** seriously as a potential box-office success. Maybe they can't take a movie comprising a prologue and four separate parts seriously. That's surprising when you consider the four directors involved: John Landis, Steven Speilberg, Joe ***The Howling*** Dante and George Miller (***Mad Max***). Landis and Speilberg also share the production credit. It has its weaknesses, but then so have most of the other films that have been touched by the golden hand of Speilberg and grossed millions.

Landis directs the prologue and part one. The prologue sees two guys driving through the night along a deserted American mountain road. The cassette player fucks up, so they have to amuse themselves. After some vacuous games they turn to scaring one another — driving with the lights out, etc. Eventually the passenger, Dan Aykroyd, asks the driver if he wants to see something *really* scary — and he means it.

The first part stars Vic Morrow as the average American bigot, who has just lost his chance of promotion to a Jew. He sits in a bar, swearing about blacks, Jews and 'gooks' — who he hates from his Korea days — he embarrasses his friends and nearly gets massacred by a hunky negro. He leaves the bar — and steps straight into a 1940s Nazi-occupied French town.

This, then, is the 'Twilight Zone' — "a wondrous land whose boundaries are that of imagination." Based on the early sixties cult TV series of the same name, originated by Rod Serling, the movie deals with nightmares that become reality, utopian dreams that come true and other such inexplicable happenings.

Back to the 1940s. The terrified little bigot, fleeing the Nazis, who brand him a Jew, moves through time into the clutches of the Ku Klux Klan, and onto Vietnam, where he is taken by his own boys for a 'gook' and shot up. Unfortunately the filming did not have a happy ending for Mr. Morrow, either in the story or in real life. The story has him carted off by the Nazis to the camps, in real life a helicopter crashed during the Vietnam filming and tragically decapitated him, which has led to heavy legal problems for Landis.

Speilberg's second section is the weakest, but its role is to emphasise that this is not a pure horror movie. It features Scatman Crothers as a laughing black 'inmate' of an old people's home who teases his fellow old folk into believing that they can do the things they did when they were young — and then transforms them into kids. It suffers, unfortunately, from an over-the-top and embarrassing sickly sweet taste.

Dante's third part has Kathleen Quinlan as Helen, a bored school teacher, befriending young Anthony, and giving him a lift home. 'Home' reveals four half-crazed relatives living in terror of Anthony's gradually revealed supernatural powers. Less predictable than the other parts, in that one really cannot guess what is going to happen next, it still does not carry as much bite as it could.

The fourth section, though, is a splendid climax. Miller creates and sustains ever-rising tension as petrified airline passenger Valentine (John Lithgow) imagines that he is witnessing a weird creature on the wing of the plane, ripping the shit out of it as it flies through a storm. Imagination, of course, is reality, as this creature starts to take out the four engines one by one . . . and nobody believes Valentine as he raves about 'that thing out there.'

The Twilight Zone — The Movie is, almost inevitably, patchy, but should not be written off — it should please plenty of suspense and horror filmgoers. "Hey, you wanna see something *really* scary.?"

Somewhat further downmarket is ***Private School***. Produced by the same team that gave us ***Private Lessons***, although it is not a sequel, it takes place in a top-notch Californian girls' college, where the bevy of gorgeous little cuties are a target for the crazed lust of the next-door kids. Couplings occur, as raunchy Betsy and fat guy joker Bubba attempt to get it together without much success in the principal's office, a Rolls Royce, etc., etc. You get the picture. A more serious relationship develops, though, between Christine and Jim, who plan a weekend away where they will actually, er, 'do it' for the first time. Only problem is that stealthy sex bomb Jordan intends to get Jim first . . .

It's played for laughs at a breakneck speed — often embarrassingly badly — and is aimed straight for the immense American teenage cretin market. The soppy lovey-dovey scenes are even more embarrassingly gross. The best comic relief, though, comes from the John Belushi-style Michael Zorek (Bubba); and from the cameo roles of Richard Stahl as a drunken father and Ray Walston as a lecherous chauffeur.

Sylvia Kristel makes brief appearances as, yes, a sex education teacher, but she looks old and tired alongside the delicious Phoebe Cates (Christine), previously seen in ***Fast Times At Ridgemont High***. She's stunning — and she can act slightly. She should have it made . . .

Rupert Metcalf

VIDEO

Try to visualise a scene in a French bistro where, around a table, sit a scriptwriter, a director and a money man. The director says: "I think we'd better do a sex picture, because I've heard rumours that sex is here to stay." The scriptwriter groans and says: "That's old hat; why don't we do a film in which we have both sex *and* a judicious dollop of thrilling violence." The money man then expresses his view that he doesn't care a monkey's, but since he's putting the bread in front, they might as well go somewhere exotic, where screwing is cheap and varied.

And so they all go to **Passion Island.** The film begins with a young photographer working in a studio with a Chinese and a white girl, when he hears the news that he has just landed a big commission which involves going to this island, somewhere in the Indian Ocean, and won't they all have fun?

They do. Apart from the odd dressing and undressing scenes, we can also see the photographer having a humping scene with the white girl (because he has no taste), while the much better looking Chinese chick just looks on, unseen, bringing herself off. Now, you'd better remember this scene, because there isn't much jollity after this. The photographer spies a good-looking Indian girl and manages to introduce himself. Her father is obviously very wealthy and is also the head of a curious sect, (by the way, *he* doesn't look Indian), and the photographer accidentally witnesses Daddy shooting somebody very dead.

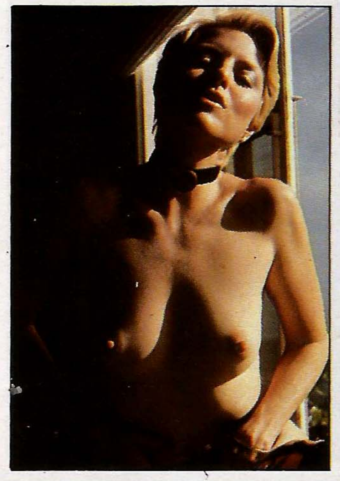
When he tells this to the girl, the two models are kidnapped and tortured in the mansion, as they try to get hold of the film. When that doesn't work, after the photographer has also been caught recording some of the orgy scenes of the sect, he is also chucked into the dungeon. Somehow he escapes, taking the girl with him, but they are caught again, but at the last moment the boy grabs hold of a tommy gun and shoots the guards, while the girl shoots her own father! After all this, the models and the photographer fly back to Paris.

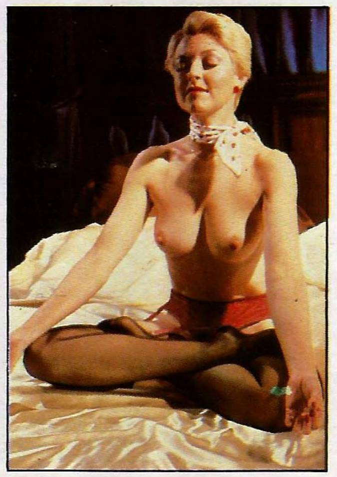
For a start, I was delighted to see that even the discriminating French can make such a ginormous cock-up in which practically nothing works. The story must originally have been at least twice as long, with the result that the editing takes away the little sense which there might have been, leaving behind only a terrible script and bad acting.

The infuriating aspect of this failure is that they went to all the trouble of shooting on location, showing some breath-taking scenery, and had they stuck to the sex angle, it could have worked like a charm. The Chinese girl, in particular, is very good-looking, and, in a short scene when the two models are together, they create some quite sizzling love making. However, the package as a whole is not much to shout about, and I only hope that Abacus will be more discerning in their choice in the future.

Abacus Video, P.O. Box 85, Uxbridge, Middlesex.

According to legend, when the homosexual law was presented to Queen Victoria, she royally scrubbed out any reference to women, because she could not imagine women making love to each other.





It is just as well, because it has given a life-line to a lot of pornographers, a fact they're still exploiting with gusto. In **Aunt Peg** and **Aunt Peg's Fulfilment,** most of the main action is with the delectable Aunty (and some aunty *she* is), but it really begins when her niece arrives for a visit and, before you can say Jill Robinson, the aunty and the niece are heavily engaged in a love-wrestle — and that's in the limo, even before they get back home.

Actually, there is a story line — providing you don't seriously believe that it's followable — according to which the Aunt is a highly paid film director, specialising in the sex scene.

And does she just specialise?

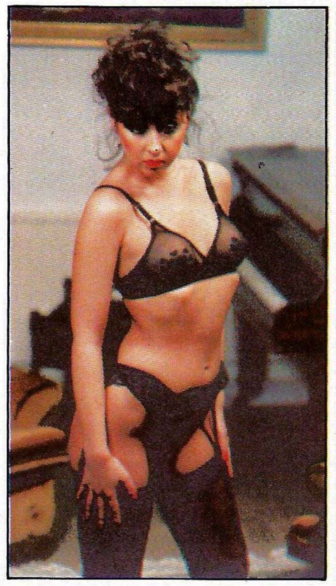
This dear aunt drops her knickers more often than I blow my nose, and she isn't even terribly particular about whom she screws, or who screws her. It doesn't mean that the niece doesn't take her share of the nooky, but, compared with the aunt's performances, she's barely a runner-up.

It *is* irritating when, suddenly, a black dot appears on the TV screen (I actually tried to use the controls at first), which is one way that the editor of the film could ascertain that we wouldn't glimpse an erect penis. Curiously, there *are* penises shown, but always at the stage which is a great embarrassment for a man.

However, it's a double feature and good soft porn, so you may have a lot of fun with it.

Cal-Vista Video, 15-17a Rich Industrial Estate, Crimscott Street, London SE1 5TE.

Yet another home production video film has arrived on the market, calling itself **Cockney Rebels Specials,** with the sub-title, ***Wrong Time, Wrong Place.*** I can add to that. The sub-sub-title could also be ***The Film of the Heaving and Undulating Boobs and Bums.***



The story line is . . . well no. Actually, the story dot is that a security van is attacked by four men and, having knocked out the guard, they escape with the loot. However, when they arrive at their safe house, they find that the place is being temporarily occupied by a photographer who, with the help of six delicious models, is doing some fashion shots.

This is the high point of the film, dialogue-wise, because one of the nasties says, "And what the fuck are we going to do with them?" shortly after which comes the command: "All right, girls, strip."

From this moment onwards, there is only music, and I could not quite work out whether the music counterpoints the moans, or the other way round.

The company is split into separate groups, with two guys taking two girls each; then there is a pair; and the last of the men seems to spend his time half-opening doors and gaping at the spectacle within the rooms.

VIDEO

The spectacle?

Well, everything seems to be in slow motion as, in various places in the house, there is a continuous turn-on. One girl does her own thing in the kitchen, two girls jolly each other, while their man is in the bathroom — and, by the way, for such a long time that I was wondering about his virility — and we even have a piano player tinkling away, while a lady is on top, touching herself up to the music.

I may say that the girls really are good lookers (naturally enough, including Linzi Drew, the oft-photographed lady in the nude with the prize-winning boobs), and the camera made sure that we became familiar with every inch of their bodies, enhanced by some kooky lingerie.

Now, for reasons I can't begin to fathom, the slow motion nudity is in three parts, and in between, there is a scene called **Jungle Fever** in which Linzi, wearing a sort of leopard bikini bottom, is tied to cane matting, and two other jungle ladies touch each other and Linzi up. I understood that the set was supposed to look like a jungle in a living room; but why, oh why was there a deep sea diver's helmet on the floor as well?

The film ends with the girls sneaking away from the baddies, taking all their money, their clothes and the car, and we see the four nude blokes running away into the Welsh hills.

No, seriously, the film ends as, bathed in suggestive red light, singly and in pairs, all the girls participating in the film do an even slower, sinuous dance in front of the Cockney Rebel's logo.

No, actually, the film ends as we see clips from the beginning.

No, the film ends . . . do you know what? They never wanted this film to end.

As you can gather, there is little point in esoteric evaluation of the dialogue, so all I can say is that if you like to watch good looking girls in the nude, moving about in slow motion for way over an hour, this is a curious turn-on film. And, in a weird way, it's *funny!*

In case you're interested in the **Jungle Fever** scene, they actually give a recipe — 2 measures each of rum, pineapple juice and orange juice and 1 of coconut syrup; blend with ice and suck *slowly.*

Watching this film I can assure you that you can only suck it slowly.

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